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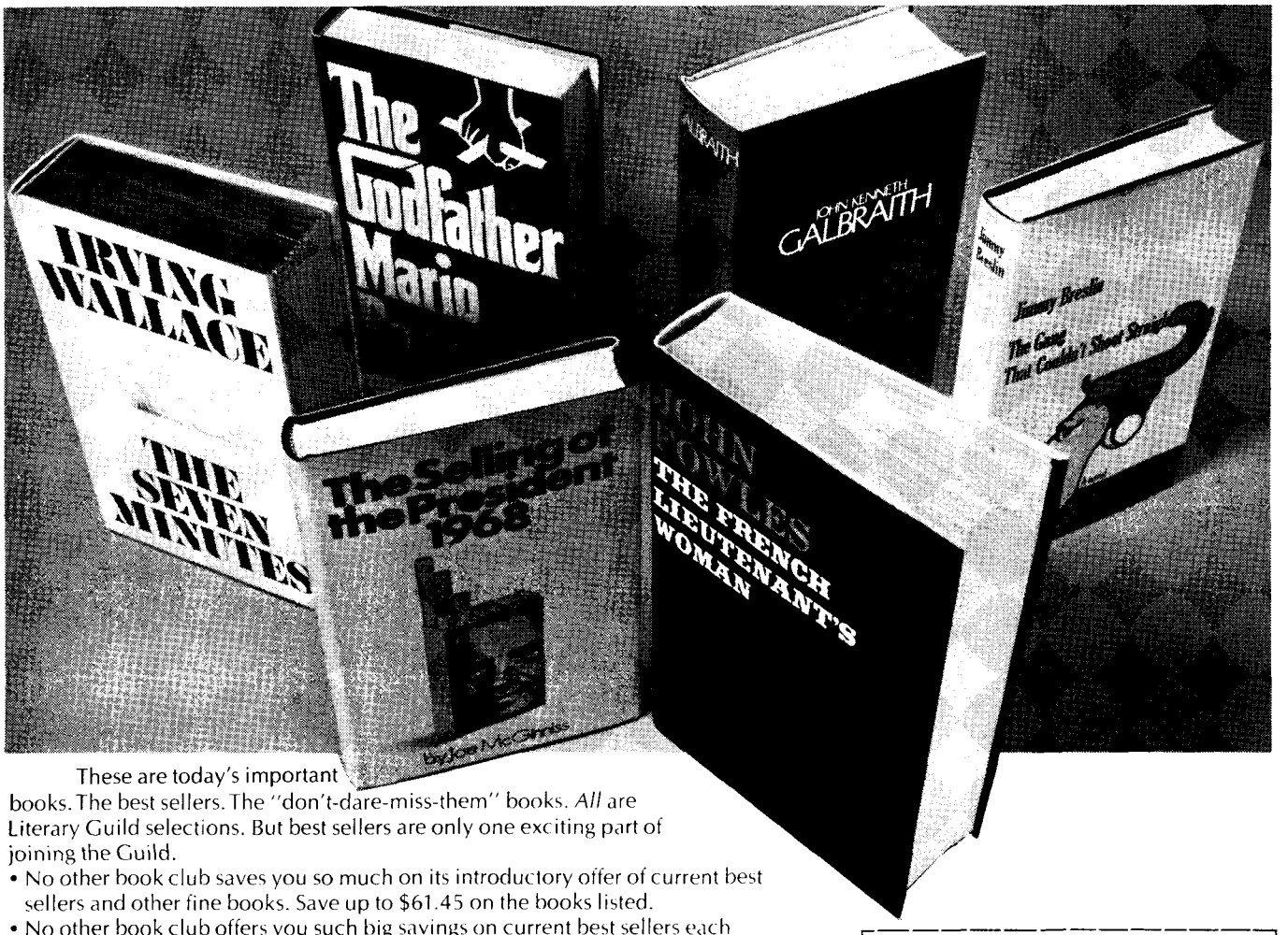

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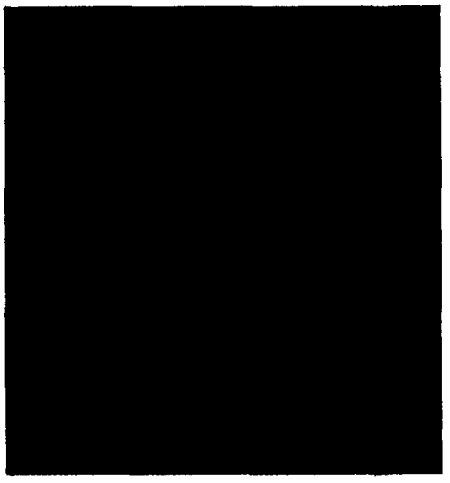

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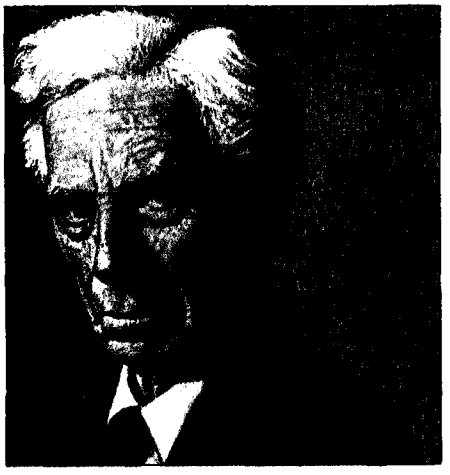

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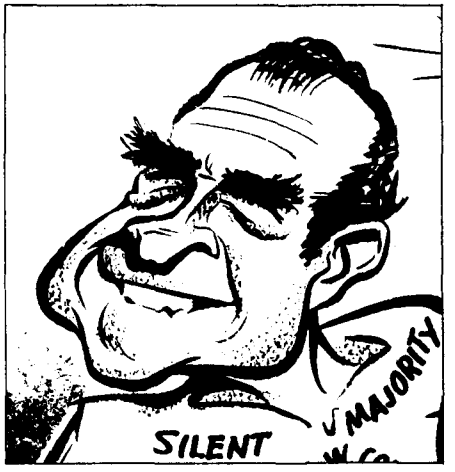

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[SPORTS]

Super Bowl

LONG BEFORE THE REAL Super Bowl game, a few TV executives, some sophisticated advertising men and Miles Laboratories Incorporated conspired to pre-empt the post-game victory celebration and show the American people a fake. For a full month before the game, our TV sets gave us a preview of the Super Bowl Champions' dressing-room. A big, black, half-uniformed defensive lineman showered his teammates with champagne, embraced his coach, declared his team Number One, and repeated several times, "great, great, great." The last few "greats" were voiced behind a picture of several champagne glasses being filled with Alka Seltzer, Miles Laboratories' most important product.

The ad was excellent: The dressing-room scene was a good simulation of other Super Bowl victory celebrations—such a good one, in fact, that it made any more similar celebrations impossible. The Kansas City Chiefs could hardly pour champagne all over each other after seeing some actors do it a few hundred times on television. Coach Hank Stram, it is reported, even refused to let his players throw him in the showers. And if they had managed to go through the motions, they would always have doubted whether they really felt like that or whether they were just doing what was expected of them.

The Chiefs were cheated out of their victory celebration just as the rest of us are cheated out of the most important experiences of our lives. We are bombarded with fakes before we ever come upon the real thing. How many women have had to measure their orgasms against the fake orgasms of a movie actress? How many have taken the lead from the actresses and brought that fake version into their own lives?

Despite the ad men's machinations, this year's Super Bowl between the Minnesota Vikings and the Kansas City Chiefs was a victory for reality. Led by Sports Illustrated and CBS, the media had created a myth of the superiority of the National Football League—a league thought to be so much more powerful than the American Football League that most football fans could not conceive of the Chiefs beating the Vikings. But they did. And not through any special heroics. They simply played much better football than their NFL rivals, beating them in all phases of the game. Afterwards the Minnesota Coach, Bud Grant, said, "They were the best. They are the World Champions."

Myths created by an entire propaganda machine have a hard time dying. In last year's Super Bowl the Baltimore Colts, called by sports writers "the perfect team," were beaten by the AFL's New York Jets. But the sports publicists (writers, broadcasters, flaks) focused all their attention on Joe Namath, as if Joe alone had defeated Baltimore. It is a pattern familiar in all American journalism. Whenever anything unexpected happens—that means when anything happens that the journalists didn't predict—the reporters look for the one superhuman whom they mystify and who receives all the credit and blame. The Free Speech Movement, you see, was created by Mario Savio; Castro made the Cuban Revolution; and Joe Namath is the AFL.

So the Jets' victory was ignored, and the AFL continued to be defined by the mythmakers as the inferior league. It is no mystery how this happens. Sports Illustrated, written and edited by slick Eastern intellectuals who lord it over the nation's ordinary sports writers, sets the pace. Every sports writer in the country reads it—and probably believes it. Tex Maul, SI's pro football expert, has been the NFL's greatest booster. Last year he predicted that Baltimore would beat the Jets 48-0. This year he predicted the Vikings would win 28-7. Believing Maul and SI's professional package more than they believe their own eyes and memories, sports writers wrote as if the Chiefs did not belong on the same field as Minnesota.

But this was not just an end-of-the-season phenomenon. Again led by SI, the NFL received most of the national publicity during the regular season. Time and Newsweek wrote up the Minnesota front four; writers debated whether Roman Gabriel or Sonny Jurgenson was the best quarterback in football. Gayle Sayers, Deacon Jones, Dick Butkus, Vince Lombardi—all the proverbial household names are from the NFL. What have the flaks told us about the AFL? Well, Joe Namath is a great ass man, and Al Davis is the biggest son-of-a-bitch in football.

All of this became totally ridiculous during the telecast of the actual Super Bowl game—that is, the game that followed the interminable pre-game games beside which the real thing was bound to seem anti-climactic. There, before our eyes, the Chiefs were easily defeating the famous Vikings. Kansas City's relatively unknown ball carriers were running through the defensive line of the Vikings—four of the most famous men in America. But all the CBS announcers could talk about was how great Minnesota was. Allan Page, who was so outplayed that he displayed a childish temper at the end of the game, was constantly praised. Ed Budde, the offensive guard who beat Page all day, was mentioned only when Page threw a punch at him after the whistle.

The announcers outdid themselves when they reported an Emmett Thomas interception of a ("he can't do anything but win") Joe Kapp pass. Saying little about the interception, the announcer finished his description of the play with, "the tackle on Thomas was made by Bill Brown and what a tackle it was!"

Certainly the announcers were trying to be fair. But they are as victimized by their myths as the rest of us. Myths are like that. Lyndon Johnson and his flaks created a myth about the war in Viet-Nam—an independent, heroic people fighting against Communist aggression from the North. Johnson got caught up in his own myth, acted as if it were true, and made mistake after mistake. But the American people had a chance to kick him out on his ass. Spiro Agnew is right about the press. When will Tex Maul and his Time-Life buddies stand for re-election?

Surrounded by a fakery that can never be tested, Americans continue to believe that sports is for real. Advertising and politics make up most of our shared public lives—and most of us assume that they are filled with a deceit that is rarely discovered. But in sports there is a real game—you can see it yourself—and you can't win games with your press clippings. All the bullshit written about Minnesota didn't help them gain one extra yard. A culture dominated by selling has produced a supreme irony: only a game is real.

The week before the game, NBC, which didn't have video rights to the Super Bowl, announced that Len Dawson, Kansas City's quarterback, would be subpoenaed so he could be questioned about his connections with gamblers. The spectre of the fix haunted America. There could be no greater public disaster than the disclosure that pro football is fixed. Richard Nixon even felt compelled to call Lenny Dawson and tell him that he didn't believe the rumors. The President himself must take the position of the vulnerable child hoping against hope: "Tell me it isn't so, Lenny." For if pro football is fixed, then the one real thing left is also fake. The only modern parallel is the *private* disaster of the faked orgasm.

But the game ended with just a bit more reality than we had bargained for. The announcers switched to the Kansas City dressing room where all was calm. That was to be expected. What was not was the simpering face of Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs. His proper, horn-rimmed glasses did not disguise the degenerate sensuousness of his mouth. "We played a hard game," he said, sweating in the bright TV lights.

It is really true. Money will buy you anything. Lamar Hunt had bought himself a football league and a football team. And with his money, he had made them the best in the world.

by Frank Bardacke

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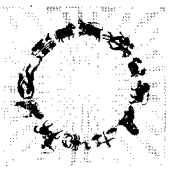

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520. WANDA EMBRY. Full color on fine art stock. The 46th annual New York Art Director's Club Show's *Painted Lady. Life like. Life size. 12" x 63".* Only **4.95**

201. CRETAN BULL DANCERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 17" x 46". *Only* **6.95** **103.** On paper. Only **3.95**

536. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—INVEST YOUR SON. *Red, White and Blue.* 22" x 26". Only **4.95**

261. PICASSO, DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and White. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

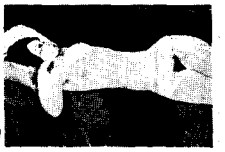
548. NEGATIVE ZODIAC. 12 signs illustrated & most prominent negative trait of each. Silkscreen on paper. 30" x 30". Only **4.95**

315. RYER. THE WRESTLERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95** **539.** On paper. Only **2.98**

290. PICASSO. TOROS Y TORERROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **3.95**

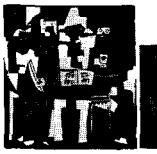
310. MODIGLIANI PORTRAIT OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. 16" x 27". Only **5.95** **535.** On paper **2.98**

301. PICASSO. MOMENT OF TRUTH. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **3.95**



260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 25". Only **5.95**

311. PICASSO. TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **3.98**



252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 24". Only **5.95**

196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype on fine art stock. Full color. 28" x 40". Only **7.50**

267. PICASSO. PICADOR. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

309. VAN GOGH. SIDEWALK CAFE AT NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24". *Only* **9.95**

231. PR. MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS: KNIGHT AND LADY. Silkscreen. Canvas. Black and gold. 12" x 36". Only **6.95** pr. **165.** *On paper. Only* **3.95** pr.

342. BRAQUE. SEATED NUDE. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **9.95** 574. *On Paper.* **6.95**

234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. *20" x 22". Only* **9.95**

204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and reds. 17" x 27". Only **5.95** *110. On paper.* **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only **5.95** *186. On paper* **2.98**

245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 15" x 20". *Only* **7.95**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**

549. HAUSMAN. WOMAN. Silkscreen poster. Fine art stock. Full color. 20" x 38". Only **4.95**

271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **9.95** **561.** On paper. Only **6.95**

325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. *Lithograph on artist canvas.* Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

347. HUG. KANGAROOS. Lithograph canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** 579. On Paper. **2.98**

209. PICASSO. STUDIES FOR MOTHER AND CHILD. On artist canvas. Sepia tones. 16" x 20". Only **4.95**

285. MONET. RED POPPIES. *Silkscreen on artist canvas.* Full color. 19" x 24". Only **7.95**

264. MONET. SUNFLOWERS. *On artist canvas.* Full color. 19" x 24". Only **6.95**

314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 22". Only **9.95**

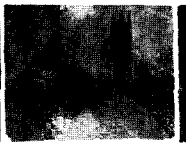
343. HUG. CHEETAH. Lithograph artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** 575. On Paper. **2.98**

547. PICASSO. TOROS EN VALLAVRIS. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Black and white. 20" x 21". Only **1.98**

287. PICASSO. THE TRAGEDY. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 17" x 26". Only **5.95** **517.** On paper **2.98**

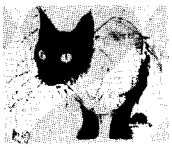
319. DeKAY. TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

306. HAUSMAN. THE PARTING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only **5.95** **529.** On paper. Only **2.98**

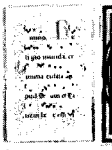


270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only **6.95**

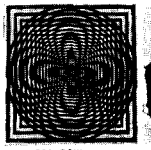
316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Grays and blacks. 16" x 20". Only **4.95**



282. HUG. THE CAT. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **508.** On paper **2.98**

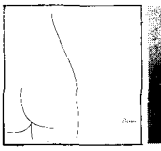


150. MUSIC MANUSCRIPT WITH ASTROLOGERS. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Full color. 20" x 30". Only **3.95**



583. POW. On fine art stock. Silkscreen in full color. 22" x 28". Only **2.49**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **509.** On paper **2.98**

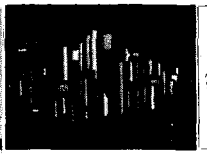


308. PICASSO, FEMME. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 16" x 20". Only **2.98**

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

546. PICASSO. MATADOR. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Orange and black 23" x 35". Only **$3.95**

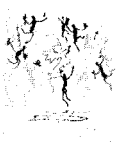
871. GILLETTE. LOVE. Poster in grays and white on fine art stock. 17" x 21". Only **1.98**



541. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors on black. 23" x 29". Only **1.98**

528. BEN SHAHN. Poster. Black & brown on white paper. 30" x 45". Only **3.95**

300. PICASSO. CORRIDA DE TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 24". Only **5.95**



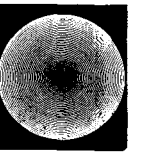
313. PICASSO. LA RONDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **5.95**

324. ALBO. FREE AS THE WIND. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

281. PICASSO. TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

210. RUBENS. ARTIST'S SON. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 14" x 17". Only **5.95** **112.** On paper. Only **2.98**

304. PICASSO. THE DOVE. Silkscreen artist canvas. Black, grays and white. 12" x 15". Only **4.95**



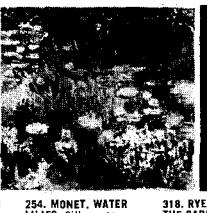
543. TARGET. Poster in red, yellow, black, and white. 40" x 40". Only **1.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues and greens. 18" x 26". Only **5.95**

305. RYER. LOVERS. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, gold, tans. 18" x 29". Only **5.95.** **530.** Paper. **2.98**

312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **5.95**

262. HAUSMAN, A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen canvas. Color. 16" x 23". Only **5.95** **523.** On paper. **2.98**



254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 22" x 22". Only **6.95** **526.** On paper **3.95**

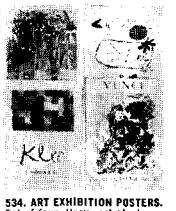
318. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 14" x 33". Only **5.95** **538.** On paper. **2.98**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Lithograph on canvas. Full color. 18" x 29". Only **5.95** **518.** Paper. **2.98**

299. DAUMIER. MAN OF LA MANCHA. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 26". Only **5.95**

323. DEGAS. THE GLASS OF ABSINTHE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

540. SPHERES. Dayglo colors. Fine art stock. 19" x 31". Only **1.98**

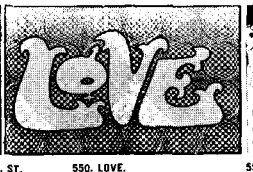


534. ART EXHIBITION POSTERS. Set of four. Heavy art stock. Full color. KLEE, MIRO, DUFY, CHAGALL. 20" x 30" ea. All four only **3.95**

351. HUG. THE OWLS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. *22" x 28". Only* **5.95** **589.** On paper. **2.98**

344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph artist canvas. Red background. 22" x 28". *Only* **5.98** 576. On Paper. **2.98**

246. EL GRECO. ST. MARTIN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. *16" x 30".* Only **6.95**



550. LOVE. Silkscreen poster on paper. Full color. *23" x 35".* Only **1.98**

559. SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

590. LOVE IS. Poster on paper. Full color. *23" x 35".* Only **1.98**

563. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Poster on paper. *Black & white.* 22" x 25". Only **1.98**

591. TAKE TIME. Poster on paper. Grays & white. 19" x 25". Only **1.98**

226. MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 31". Only **4.95**

592. FIRE. Silkscreen on paper. Black Light poster. 22" x 28". Only **2.98**

288. HOLTZ. SCHOONER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

558. MOTHER EARTH. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

584. COLUMBIA PICTURES' EASY RIDER. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Emerald green, blue, orange, magenta. 32" x 42". Only **3.98**

593. MAN ON MOON. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

275. VAN GOGH. CYPRESS ROAD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 21" x 28". Only **4.95**

571. PETER MAX. AUDIO D.N.A. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

250. MANET. THE PIPER. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 15" x 25". Only **2.98**

229. PARTRIDGE PANEL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues, greens, yellow. 12" x 37". Only **4.95**

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339. DETLEFSEN. HAPPY DAYS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

215. PICASSO. THE LOVERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellow. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **511.** On paper. **2.98**

251. SEURAT. LA GRANDE JATTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **5.95**

302. PICASSO. FAUN WITH LEAVES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

278. TURNER. THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

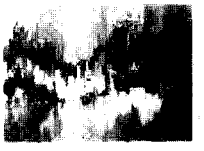
513. NEVER AGAIN WAR. After **KOLLWITZ.** Silkscreen on paper. Black, grays, dayglo red. 23" x 30". Only **4.95**

269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **6.95**

155. KLEE. BIRD GARDEN. Silkscreen on paper. Full color. 17" x 24". Only **2.98**

532. MATISSE. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Blue. 16" x 23". Only **2.98**

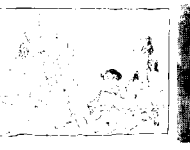
303. MODIGLIANI. CARYATID. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blue. 15" x 20". Only **3.95**



334. MUNNICH. CITY VISTA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

335. SIMON. GOLDEN CHARGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

329. REMBRANDT. GIRL WITH BROOM. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



307. PICASSO. DANCES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 17" x 22". Only **3.95.**

272. BUFFET. CLOWN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

288. PICASSO. BACCHANAL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

357. DETLEFSEN. SPRING BLOSSOMS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18 x 24". Only **4.95**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 27". Only **5.95**

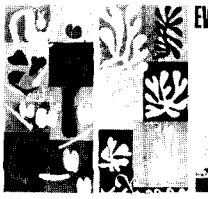
352. MONET. ROUEN CATHEDRAL. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 26". Only **6.95**

286. VAN GOCH. STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 18" x 24" Only **5.95** 588. On Paper. Only **2.98**

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS 531. Set of four collotype posters. Each 20" x 28". Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril and Divan Japonais. Special all four **3.95**

255. REDON. WILD-FLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 19" x 26". Only **2.98**



280. MATISSE. PAIR OF MURALS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 13" x 28" each. Pair only **6.95**

564. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON. Poster on paper. Black and white. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**

279. FRAGONARD. YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**

317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

353. REMBRANDT. SELF-PORTRAIT. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

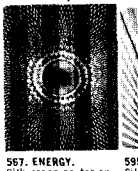
544. BUTTERFLY. Poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 29" x 23". Only **1.98**

333. APPEL. ABSTRACT. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

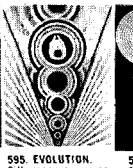
336. REMBRANDT. YOUNG GIRL AT DOOR. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

553. RENAISSANCE MINSTRELS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 23". Only **1.98**

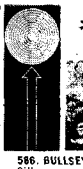
329. CEZANNE. BLUE VASE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



567. ENERGY. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 22" x 28". Only **1.98**



595. EVOLUTION. Silkscreen on paper. Black Light poster. 22" x 28". Only **2.98**

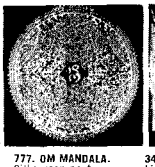


586. BULLSEYE. Silkscreen on art stock. 12" x 30". Only **1.98**

256. RENOIR. LITTLE SHEPHERD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 23". Only **1.00**

330. VAN GOCH. DRAWBRIDGE AT ARLES. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

354. RENOIR. THE SWING. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



777. OM MANDALA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Greens & gold. 24" x 24". Only **1.98**

345. HUG. THE PUMA. Lithograph on canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95** **577.** On paper. **2.98**

582. MORATORIUM. Silkscreen poster on art stock. Blue & White. 24" x 27". Only **2.98**

217. KLEE. THE LONELY ONES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **5.95** **147.** On paper **2.98**

560. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

566. WOOD. AMERICAN GOTHIC. Lithograph on paper. Full color. 17" x 21". Only **7.50**

332. MONET. BASSIN D'ARGENTEUIL. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

355. TONASCO. MUSTANGS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

236. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT—GREEN KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**

235. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT—BLUE KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**

552. TODAY. Poster on paper. Black & gold. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

328. RENOIR. LITTLE IRENE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

338. RENOIR. BOATING PARTY. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

572. PETER MAX. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

355. RENOIR. ON THE TERRACE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

594. CALIFORNIA. Poster on paper. Grays & white. 22" x 28". Only **1.98**

597. MAKE LOVE NOT WAR. Poster on paper. Black & white. 18" x 23". Only **1.98**

570. PETER MAX. TOP CAT. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

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Inside Cuba: Workers and Revolution

THIS IS THE "YEAR OF THE DECISIVE EFFORT" in Cuba. Everywhere posters exhort Cubans to work "with the same discipline, with the same spirit of sacrifice" as the young men who attacked Fort Moncada in 1956 to begin the rebellion against Batista. The country is mobilized, not for defense, but for the achievement of economic objectives, the most important and immediate one being the ten million ton sugar harvest in 1970 which Fidel has called a "point of honor for this revolution . . . a yardstick by which to judge the capability of the revolution."

The island is austere. Rationing is tight and consumption restricted. Children receive one quart of milk a day, adults, unless a medical diet requires it, none; a loaf of bread and one-fourth to three-fourths of a pound each of rice and beans are allotted to each adult per day. Meat, when available, is rationed to three-fourths of a pound per week, though seafood and pizza, both new in the Cuban diet since the revolution, are more easily obtained. Cucumbers and avocados, though not abundant, are apparently available in sufficient quantities to satisfy the Cuban diet. Other greens are rare, but Cubans, who never ate them before, do not notice their absence now.

Clothing is also rationed, and department stores display few items. Unlike the situation during my visit in 1962, however, when the revolution was going through its worst period economically—as the effects of errors in planning, inadequate skills, poor transportation and distribution, drought and the economic embargo imposed by the United States had a cumulative impact on production and consumption—the present austerity, say government leaders, is planned. It is the result of the extraordinary and unprecedented rate of investment, 31 per cent of the Gross Material Product (GNP exclusive of services), and of the use of scarce foreign exchange to buy capital goods rather than consumer goods.

Manufacturing plants apparently have no serious shortage of raw materials or spare parts or of technically trained personnel. This was the view of the administrators, technicians and production workers whom I interviewed in seven plants (cement, textiles, agricultural equipment, paper, beer and malt, copper mining and sugar) scattered over five of Cuba's six provinces. (These were drawn from the sample of 21 plants where I had interviewed workers in 1962). All of the plants were working overtime and, their administrators claimed, at close to theoretical capacity.

In the Venezuela sugar production center, British technicians were installing a new automated mill, bringing the number of mills there to four, and East Germans were putting in several new thermoelectric turbines of 3000 kilowatt capacity each, according to Agustin Hernandez, the center's young adminis-

by Maurice Zeitlin

Photograph by Prensa Latina

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trator. "Once finished," he said, "this will probably become the largest sugar center in the world." Similar expansion was either already going on or being planned in detail at all the plants I visited.

Havana itself has been neglected and looks it, but there is construction in progress all across the island. The roads are in good repair, and new highways are reaching out to previously inaccessible areas, bringing peasants out of their isolation. The public transportation system functions efficiently, and the smell of Soviet gasoline in GM engines no longer hangs in the Havana air. Extensive new rice lands are being cultivated in Pinar del Rio; the new green belt or "*cordon*" around Havana, begun in April of 1967, reportedly will soon begin to supply all of Havana's coffee and citrus fruit needs. Artificial insemination and hybrid breeding are, it is claimed, preparing the way for vastly increased cattle herds. Artificial lakes, or reservoirs (the *cordon* alone has 19 completed, 20 almost finished, and another 10 under construction), with resort facilities and parks are now visible in a countryside where drought has been a recurrent agricultural scourge. Mechanization in agriculture is proceeding apace; the Cubans claim recently to have solved the technical problem of harvesting sugar cane by machine and to have several experimental models at work which cut, clean and load the cane.

New hospitals and schools, resorts, parks and recreation centers, apartment houses and private peasant dwellings—even whole new towns, as in Pinar del Rio and Havana provinces—are going up. "The main structure of an expanding economy," as James Reston reported two years ago, "is obviously being built here." (New York Times, July 31, 1967)

Withal, it should be made clear that most peasants continue to live in the pre-Colombian *bohios*, built from the wood of the palm tree and thatched with its leaves, though in most that I saw, the old earthen floors had given way to wood or concrete. Urban slums have been eliminated, but workers' dwellings are still obviously inadequate, as anyone wandering around the old city of Havana or stopping (as I did, without hindrance) in any of more than a dozen cities and towns across the island will discover. Walking towards the outskirts of the city of Matanzas, for instance, one can see, down behind the railroad tracks, shacks made up of scraps of wood and any other loose materials their occupants were able to find. There does not seem to have been any improvement here, and the black children running about, for whom the railroad tracks are a playground, remind one rather sharply of how much is yet to be done. So does talking to Miguel Mendoza, carpenter, 57 years old. He lives with his wife and seven children in a room no larger than ten feet square, a former storefront at Zapata Street No. 24, across from the Colon cemetery in Havana. The room has no inside running water, though there is a faucet nearby. One electric light bulb hangs from the ceiling. Yet Mendoza said that these quarters, to which he had moved only a few weeks before I met him, were far better than those he had had in the past. His wife, who looks much older than her 43 years, agreed. The table, the bunk beds, several chairs, some shelves with a few pots and dishes, were, she told me, their first possessions. "We are all revolutionaries, ready to fight and die if necessary," she said. "Before the revolution, we had nothing. Miguel spent his time in the street, now our children are in school. He has secure work. For us, there is no scarcity. . . ."

Sra. Mendoza's comment underscores the vast changes which even the most modest amenities have brought about in the lives of the workers and the poor of Cuba. To most workers, who lived lives of great privation before the revolution, to whom unemployment and underemployment were a constant threat, the present conditions do not appear "austere" at all.

Nor has the austerity program of the Cuban government noticeably dampened the morale of the workers, since they see it as part of a common effort to develop their country, an effort from which they have already benefited considerably. In fact, the rationing, the shortages, the endless lines, actually seem to have intensified the revolution's elan, to have heightened social solidarity. And most important to the workers, the egalitarian ethos of the revolution has been accentuated by its egalitarian practice.

"Everyone is on the *libreta*" [ration card], a black brewery worker in Manacas told me. "Everyone has his quota, according to his family's needs, no more or less. This, at least, is what I can see for myself. Rene [the administrator] stands in line like the rest of us. His wife and mine buy at the same store. No one has privileges now. What there is, is for everyone."

WAGES AND SALARIES REFLECT the same pattern of social equality. The practice in Cuba, contrary to that in the Soviet Union, for example, is to keep the gap between the income of production workers, and clerical, administrative and technical personnel, narrow. In fact, it may be more accurate to say that there simply is no gap along these lines at all, because there is as yet no systematic relationship between occupation and income in Cuba. There is a mix between what the workers call the "*sueldo historico*," or the wage they had been receiving in 1961 when wages were frozen, and the new wage and salary scales which have been established in industry and which will soon be extended throughout the occupational structure. In those plants where productivity was high and where there were strong trade unions before the revolution, wages were far higher than those received in equivalent jobs elsewhere. Often, unskilled workers in the highly unionized plants would earn more than skilled workers where unions were weak or nonexistent. This wage system had to be changed, not only to make national planning possible, but also for reasons of equity and social justice. The government began to establish national wage standards, but with the proviso that those workers who had fared well in the past would not have their wages reduced.

In my lengthy talks with workers—privately, informally and in small groups—I probed for resentment, but found none. For one thing, I expected workers whose wages had been frozen at their "historic" level to resent losing the prospect of a raise; and I especially expected resentment from workers who were recently transferred into these plants and who earn far less on the newly established standard scales than do veteran workers still on the "historic" ones. But their responses to my questions were quite the opposite, and phrased in terms of justice and equity for the *other* workers. "It would not be proper to take away from the privileged workers what they won from the capitalist enterprises; they fought for themselves, as they had to," I was told by a black streetcar conductor now working at the paper mill in Cardenas.

Under the newly established scales, the administrator of a plant earns no more than the most skilled worker, and may

(*Continued on page 14*)

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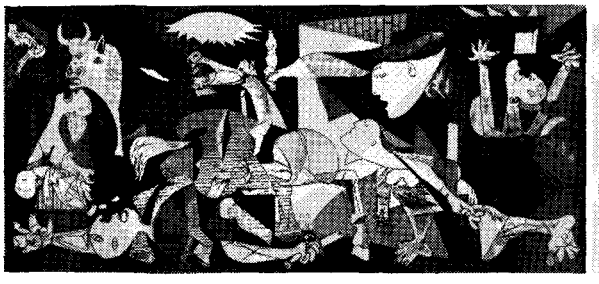

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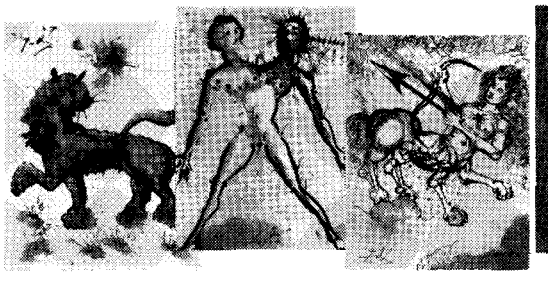

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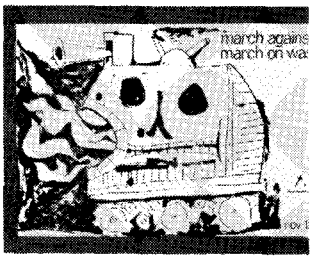

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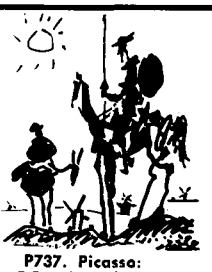

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earn less. Especially skilled technicians may receive higher salaries than administrators, but these are also within a narrow range of variation. At the textile plant in Arigunabo, for instance, which is Cuba's most important cotton textile mill, equipped with modern machinery and employing 2700 workers, the administrator earns $250 monthly. A section technical chief earns $400 monthly. Skilled workers earn about $300 a month while the lowest paid "peon," or unskilled worker, earns about $95 a month. These figures are typical of those in the other plants I visited and apparently it is the pattern throughout industry.

Outside of industry, the new wage and salary scales have a similar pattern: the salaries of government officials range from $200 or $250 for typical functionaries to a high of $700 a month for Cabinet Ministers. In any case, a worker at the Mariel cement plant told me, "The fact is that the wage means very little now. . . ."

"Because," I interrupted, "there's nothing to buy."

"Of course, to be truthful, because there is not much to buy. But mainly because so much is free, and my wife is working also. Everyone has work now, so that a family that had only one earner before now probably has a son, maybe even the wife, working. My wife leaves our kids at the *circulo infantil*—she knows they are well cared for, and it costs us nothing."

A worker at the cement plant in Mariel said: "Now we have free work clothes, work shoes, education for ourselves and our children, free health and medical attention, free X-rays and drugs, vacations with pay; and if someone is not able to work because of illness or accident, he gets his full pay, because we are an outstanding plant with the Banner of the Heroes of Moncada. We don't have to worry about the future. Before, that was our biggest preoccupation—what would happen to your kids if you got sick or lost your job? That's over. By 1970, we won't pay any rent, and we hardly pay anything now, anyway—ten per cent of our wage. We get free breakfasts in the plant; we'll be getting free lunches soon, and it only costs 50 cents anyway. Transportation is a nickel. If I want to make a phone call, I go to the corner and it costs me nothing. Little by little, we aren't even thinking in terms of individual earnings any more."

Because the government subsidizes or provides an increasing number of goods and services to the community as a whole, and rations the scarcest of those equitably, individual income is far less significant as a basis of differences in consumption than is true in capitalist countries or other communist countries in which the stress is placed on individual incentives.

Of course there is, in a person's social position, a potential for privileged consumption that goes beyond the power of his pocketbook. There are, in fact, certain limited perquisites of office. Many government functionaries do have drivers and cars assigned to them for government business, mostly four-cylinder compact Volgas or Alpha-Romeos, though an occasional Chevy or Ford still serves the Revolutionary Government. Functionaries, particularly those dealing directly with foreign visitors, also have expense accounts, which allows them to indulge more often than other Cubans in expensive meals at the few remaining plush restaurants, frequented still by the wealthy who have not chosen to leave. Public property and accessible to all, such restaurants are a luxury few Cubans can yet afford.

In general, however, from what I could observe, Cubans in the highest positions in government and industry live simply, and the gap between their life styles and those of ordinary workers is no greater, and perhaps less, than that indicated by differential income levels. Expropriated country homes and private yachting clubs, rather than becoming the opulent quarters of a new elite of government bureaucrats and party officials, as has occurred in other Communist countries as diverse as Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, are now restaurants, resorts, schools and museums open to everyone. The mansions along Quinta Avenida (yes, Fifth Avenue) in Marianao house scholarship students from worker and peasant families, or are being used as government office buildings.

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA is an artifact of the Cuban imagination. In this revolutionary island off our shores, Cuba's leaders aim to create the "21st century man." Reasserting the classical egalitarian and liberating vision of socialism, they are engaged in no simple doctrinal quarrel or metaphysical debate with Communist parties in power elsewhere. At issue is the nature of socialist man and the conception of socialism itself. What develops in Cuba has direct implications for any movement whose goal is the creation of a society free of exploitation and oppression.

Rejecting, in Ché's words, the "scholasticism that has held back the development of Marxist philosophy," the Cuban revolutionaries have been pragmatic, innovating and humanistic. "The ultimate and most important revolutionary aspiration," Ché wrote in his essay on "Socialism and Man in Cuba," is to see man freed from alienation. Against the assertion that "the period of building socialism is characterized by the abolition of individuality for the sake of the state," Ché replied with "the facts of the Cuban experience" in which "man—individualized, specific, named" is basic. It is this emphasis on the role of the individual, "the actor in this strange and moving drama of the building of socialism, in his twofold existence as a unique human being and a member

(*Continued on page 18*)

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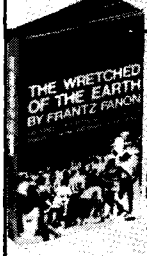

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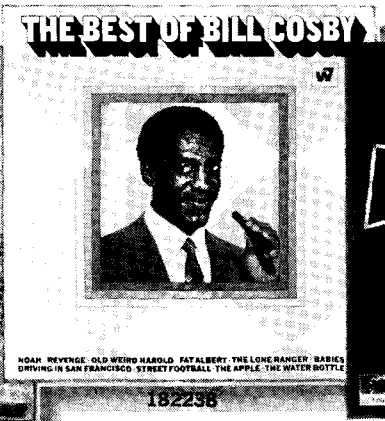

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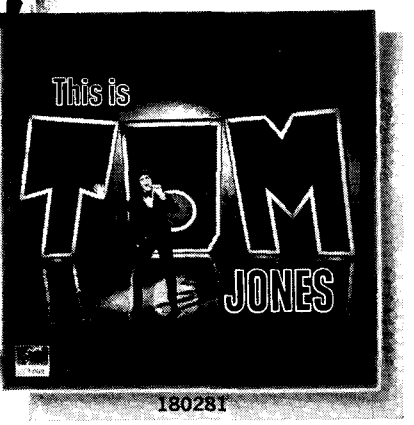

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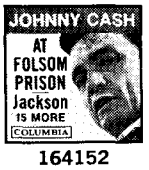

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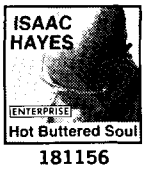

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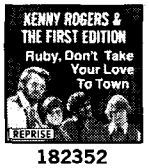

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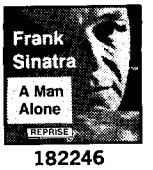

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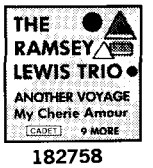

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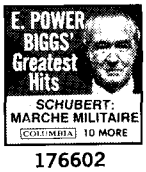

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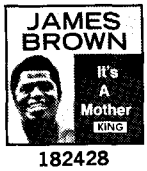

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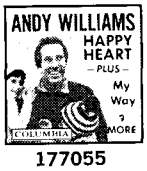

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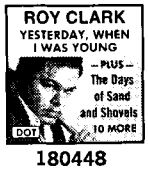

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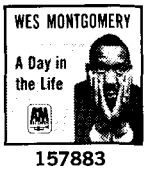

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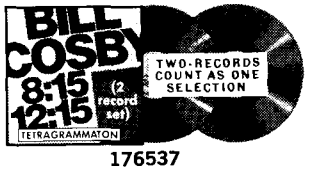

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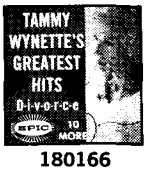

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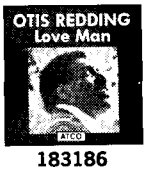

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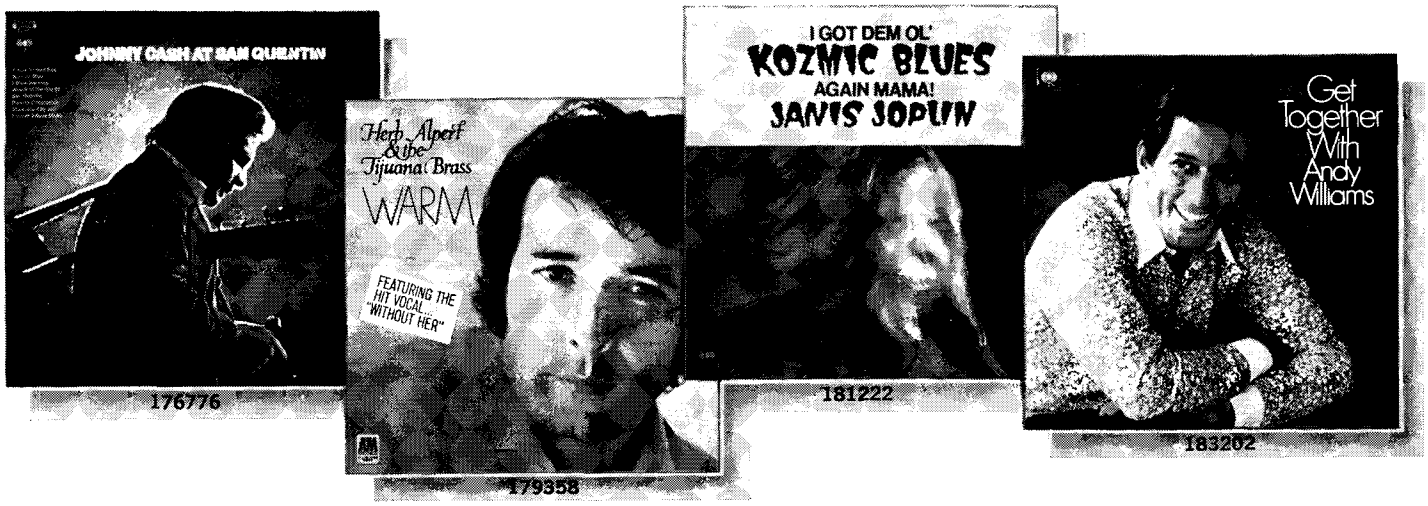

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of the community," this conception of man as a self-conscious maker of history joined together with others "who struggle for the same cause," that distinguishes the Cuban revolution so radically from other socialist revolutions of our time. It is the dream of the revolutionaries, in Ché's words, to make possible men's "conscious, individual, and collective participation in all the mechanisms of direction and production" and the realization of their fullest human potential. "This will be translated concretely," Ché wrote, "into the repossession of man's nature through freed work and the expression of his own condition in culture and art."

This vision of socialism was held by all pre-Stalinist revolutionary socialists. It failed to survive in Russia, where the vast destruction and chaos of the civil war, and the resulting weariness and exhaustion of the people, compelled the Bolsheviks to take measures which led them inexorably to inter their own principles. Temporary expedients and episodic acts of self-defense were transformed into "socialist" principles and the substance of "Communist legality." One-party rule, in no way inherent in the original Bolshevik program, was termed the essence of "socialist" government; and democratic centralism, which Lenin fashioned as an organizational weapon in conspiratorial conditions to wage revolution, became the embodiment of "workers' democracy." Vast social inequality, the encouragement of competition between workers and the breakdown of class solidarity became "socialist emulation." The revolution absorbed Russia's Byzantine heritage and imperial backwardness in the course of overcoming them; "socialism" came to mean a peculiar amalgam of Russian temperament, Soviet experience and vulgar Marxism.

Fortunately, the tasks of the Cubans are not comparable to those faced by the first who dared in Russia. Unlike them, the Cuban revolutionaries came to power in a society relatively free of chaos; far from being exhausted, the spirit and energies of Cuba's people were simply waiting to be tapped. The country has a small population relative to its available resources, a fertile and arable land, and the likelihood of continued economic aid from the Soviet Union. Cuba is small, and economic and social planning should be less cumbersome and less complex than in other communist countries. Her small population and area allow extensive and intensive communication between the government and people, and mass participation in public affairs.

Cuban capitalism was absentee-owned, foreign-controlled and quasi-colonial. This meant not only that Cuba's ruling strata had no roots in the countryside but that, indeed, they had no significant independent base in the country as a whole. They stayed in power because they had a military regime (and behind it the power of the United States government) to protect them, not because anyone believed they deserved power or that they had the right to rule. Rather than being a docile peasantry, the mass of Cubans had a long insurrectionary past. And most working-class struggles, whatever the leadership and however narrow the economic demands, tended to take on the political slogans of anti-imperialism and anti-capitalism.

In the agrarian sector, the vast majority of the economically active population were wage workers. Improved working conditions and higher wages—working-class interests— rather than individual "land hunger" were their essential demands and aspirations, unlike the situation in other countries where socialist revolutions have occurred. The centers of sugar production were centers of political agitation and education as well. Forty-one per cent of the sugar central workers whom my wife and I interviewed in 1962, compared to 30 per cent of the urban workers, said they had been pre-revolutionary supporters of the Communists.

In short, the same acts which the new Revolutionary Government would have had to take from the standpoint of economic rationality to spur development helped to secure its mass social and political base. Consider for a moment, by contrast, what confronted the Soviet Communists—what from their standpoint they found necessary to do in order to destroy the old agrarian structure and replace it with a modern one: the New Economic Plan (NEP), distribution of the land to the peasants and encouragement of private enterprise, followed by Stalin's forcible expropriation from those same peasants upon whom the regime, unable to rely on the small and exhausted proletariat, had rested its power. In Cuba, on the other hand, the very act of taking over the sugar centers cemented the already extant bonds between workers and "peasants." Their working and living conditions were immediately and positively transformed, and their *long-range* interests were identical.

All this is not to minimize in any way the immense problems which the Cuban revolutionaries have faced and the extraordinary courage with which they have met and overcome so many of them—this in the teeth of United States hostility and despite the embargo. The precedent of the Bay of Pigs invasion, the missile crisis, the invasion of the Dominican Republic, and the ferocity of the United States war against the Vietnamese, make it clear that the Cuban revolutionaries cannot afford to relax their vigilance.

Indeed, overcoming the misdevelopment and underdevelopment which resulted from Cuban capitalism and U.S. domination—especially under circumstances which require the Cubans to continue to expend national energies and scarce resources on military preparedness—will require sacrifice and austerity, as well as the same outstanding qualities of audacity and originality that the revolutionaries have shown so far in making the revolution.

In my conversations with them this summer, Cuban revolutionaries repeatedly referred to the immediate and concrete jobs that had to be done to maintain the revolution's momentum. For instance, when I discussed socialist planning with Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, a veteran Communist on the Secretariat of the new Party and one of Cuba's top planners (officially, his ministerial mouthful of a title is President of the National Commission of Technical, Scientific and Economic Collaboration), he said:

"I am not one of those who believe in the 'messianic concept' of the Party—the Party is not the masses. . . . The problem is that while in principle it is certain that we must try to discover democratic means by which to decide, for instance, the variety and types of consumer goods to be produced, it is a luxury to try to establish such modes of planning at this moment of the revolution, when the priorities are so clear and our needs so pressing."

Appreciating and understanding the fact that they remain involved in "uninterrupted activity" (Ché) and daily struggle to accomplish a thousand small things, is essential to any constructively critical assessment of the revolution.

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- Yoko Ono
- Mario Amaya
- John Kosh
- Richard Smith
- Eduardo Paolozzi
- Michael Instone
- David Robinson
- J. H. Ballard
- John Tavener
- Christopher Logue
- Ian Hamilton Finley
- John Furnival
- Peter Blake
- David Hockney
- Edward Lucie-Smith
- Christopher Finch
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- LP record #2: John Tavener's THREE SONGS FOR SURREALISTS; and dis-Establishment poet Christopher Logue reading his NEW NUMBERS.
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- A "concrete" poem by Ian Hamilton Finley in the form of a two-page fold-out.
- John Lennon's LONDON DIARY. (Blue-nosed reviewers will have trouble with this one.)
- Two overripe Kitsch art "souvenirs" by Peter Blake.

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and many more

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THE EGALITARIAN SOCIAL REALITY of Cuba is most evident precisely where one might least expect to find it, where questions of hierarchy and authority seem most troublesome: in the social relations between production workers and administrative, technical and clerical personnel inside the factories, mines and mills. Informal social relations are direct; the distinctions of status which evoke subtle patterns of deference and obeisance to persons in authority seem to be absent. In such modern industrial plants as the cement factory, paper mill and copper mine I visited, the social barriers between manual and non-manual workers (which functionalist sociologists rationalize as inherent in industrialism) have disappeared. The collapse of these barriers is manifested in such surface things as the absence of jackets and ties on office personnel and the universal use of "*compañero*" (we have no word precisely equivalent; a mixture of fellow, mate, companion and comrade) rather than "sir" or "mister."

The radical narrowing of social distance and the workers' sense of ease around administrative and supervisory personnel (typically referred to as "*responsables*") is undoubtedly a general consequence of the recent destruction of the old class structure and of the emphasis which the Revolutionary Government itself places on social equality. However, it is also the direct result of specific practices in the work place which sustain the egalitarian and non-authoritarian quality of these relationships.

The authority of those toward the top of the formal structure of the plant is limited and hedged in a number of ways. That "fundamental managerial prerogative" which even the most powerful industrial unions in America have not altered in any essential way—the authority to fire workers—does not reside in the hands of the plant officials. Workers cannot even be discharged for cause—negligence, frequent tardiness or absence from work; "backtalk" cannot be penalized by firing or even by fining the offending worker. The typical sanction applied is to transfer the worker—at the same pay—to other, less desirable work in the plant, or ultimately to transfer him out of the plant altogether.

However, even the decision to request the Ministry to transfer a worker for cause cannot be made by the plant administration alone. It requires the combined agreement of the local union leaders, the Communist Party "nucleus" in the plant, and the administrative staff. And then the request must still be reviewed and approved by the Ministry. The Party nucleus is made up primarily of production workers, all of whom have been nominated by the workers themselves (though the nucleus can reject a nominee with explanation). The union leaders are elected by the workers and must themselves work in the plant. It is therefore a rare offense which receives a sanction as heavy as transferral.

Moreover, even in the event that the union leaders agree with the Party leadership and administration, the worker can appeal to the *Consejo de Trabajo*, or Workers Council, which is elected by and composed of the workers in the plant. The Council is charged with hearing, investigating, reviewing and deciding the merits of the grievances of individual workers. The workers seem to regard these Councils as genuinely representative bodies which adjudicate individual grievances fairly and efficiently.

AS TO THE TRADE UNIONS, however, my own observations, and the vague and infrequent references to them by the workers I interviewed, indicated that they seem to have "withered away." The workers do not have an *independent organization* which takes the initiative in the plant, industry or country as a whole, to assure—let alone to demand—improved working conditions or higher wages. No organization exists, as an autonomous force, to protect and advance the immediate interests of the workers as they see them, independent of the prevailing line of the Communist Party or policies of the Revolutionary Government.

The workers do have unions, primarily on the local and plant level. But these unions function less as workers' independent *organizations* than as *committees* delegated by the workers to represent them on a day-to-day basis concerning working conditions, as well as to provide for the fair distribution of scarce facilities to the workers. Unions, for instance, investigate the living conditions of members and establish priorities for allocation of housing as it becomes available.

On the plant level, the unions are active in proposing and initiating changes in the conditions of work which alleviate stress and make work less demanding. Since such changes may also be initiated by the workers through general assemblies of the entire work force called not only by the union itself but also by the administration, the Party nucleus, or the Workers Council, the specific social function of the union as *the* organization of the workers devoted to protecting and advancing their interests has tended to disappear.

In a revolutionary context in which the identity of interests between the workers and the administration is stressed continually (a sign on the desk of Agustin Hernandez, the administrator of the Venezuela sugar center, reads: "The prestige and authority of the administrator will be directly related to the real links he has with the mass of workers of his unit"), and the workers themselves believe in this identity, the distinction between the Party, Workers Council, general assembly, and the union as means of furthering their interests has become vague in the minds of the workers. Nor, they say, do they feel the need for an independent organization. They have (what to an observer from the U.S. might seem) a naive faith in the harmony of interests between themselves, the administration, the plant and the Revolutionary Government. The differences that do arise can be resolved, the workers insist, by free discussion and without conflict.

I think from my own observation that this is true, and probably will be as long as sufficiently rapid economic growth seems assured by present policies. However, the problems of development are immense, especially under the perilous international conditions which are forced on the revolutionaries. The tendencies toward bureaucratization in industry are strong under ordinary conditions; pressed by Cuba's need for accelerated growth, such tendencies could be increased. Administrators, anxious to fulfill and overfulfill quotas, might be tempted to concentrate more and more decisions in their own hands and to utilize increasingly tougher methods to discipline the workers. This, of course, is contrary to the present premise and practice of the revolutionary leadership.

The possibility also exists that under the social pressures of what Ché called "the weeds that shoot up so easily in the fertilized soil of state subsidization," of vested interests that

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Warner/Reprise Announces Its Biggest Bargain:
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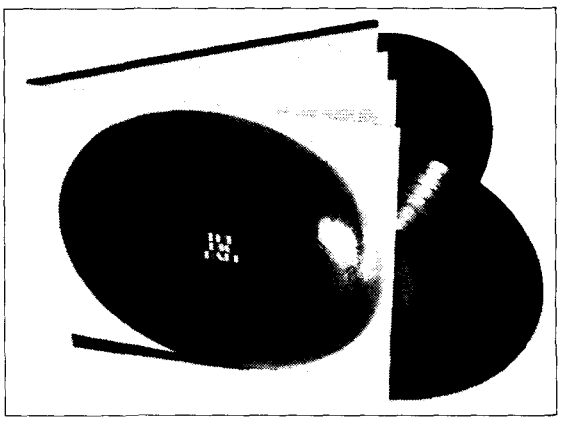

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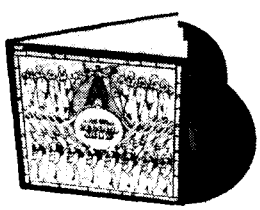
There's only one way to get THE BIG BALL: by mail. No retail merchants. No stores. No markups. Should you be justifiably wary of mail order hypes, we can't blame you. We have, however, a happy history of doing good by mail. THE BIG BALL's two ancestors, SONGBOOK and RECORD SHOW, were sent to a whole lot of satisfied orderers-by-mail in 1969. (In case you missed those previous epics, we provide you with their pictures and order form here.)



RECORD SHOW: Two LPs featuring Jethro Tull, Peter, Paul & Mary, Kinks, Mothers of Invention, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Van Dyke Parks and lots of others.

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- One of John Sebastian's brand-newest songs.
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Spontaneous Requiem

I

"How so like Clark Gable hands your hands..." (Mexico conversation 1956) — Hands
so strong and Mexican sunned, busy about America, hands I knew
would make it, would hold guard and caring
You were always talking about America, and America was always history to me, General
Wolfe lying on the ground dying in his bright redcoat smittered by
a bluecoat hanging in the classroom wall next to the father of
our country whose heart area was painted in cloud... yes, ours was
an American history, history with a future, for sure;
How a Whitman we were always wanting, a hoping, an America, that America ever an America
to be, never an America to sing about or to, but ever an America
to sing hopefully for
All we had was past America, and ourselves, the now America, and O how we regarded that
past! And O the big lie of that school classroom! The Revolutionary
War... all we got was Washington, Revere, Henry, Hamilton, Jefferson,
and Franklin... never Nat Bacon, Sam Adams, Paine... and what of
liberty? was not to gain liberty that war, liberty they had, they
were the freest peoples of their time; was not to *lose* that liberty
was why they went to arms — yet, and yet, the season that blossomed
us upon the scene was hardly free;
be there liberty today? not to hear the redman, the blackman, the
youngman tell —
And in the beginning when liberty was all one could hear; wasn't much of it for the poor
witches of Salem; and that great lauder of liberty, Franklin, paid
100 dollar bounty for each scalp of the wild children of natural free;
Pitt Jr obtained most of the city of brotherly love by so outrageous
a deception as stymied the trusting heart of his red brother with
tortuous mistrust; and how ignorant of liberty the wise Jefferson
owning the black losers of liberty; for the declarers of independence
to declare it only for part of the whole was to declare civil war
Justice is all any man of liberty need hope for; and justice was a most important
foundling thing; a didiam for American life upon which the
twinship of private property and God could be established;
How suffered the poor native American the enforced establishing of these two pillars
of liberty!
From justice stems a variable God, from God stems a dictated justice

by Gregory Corso

Illustration by Lieu/Silks Graphics

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"The ways of the Lord lead to liberty" sayeth St Paul . . . yet a man need liberty, not God,
to be able to follow the ways of God
The justness of individual land right is not justifiable to those to whom the land by
right of first claim collectively belonged;
He who sells mankind's land to a single man sells the Brooklyn Bridge
The second greatest cause of human death . . . is the acquiring of property
No American life is worth an acre of America . . . if No Trespassing and guarding mastiffs
can't tell you shotguns will
So, sweet seeker, just what America sought you anyway? Know that today there are millions
of Americans seeking America . . . know that even with all those eye-
expanding chemicals — only more of what is not there do they see
Some find America in songs of clumping stone, some in fogs of revolution
All find it in their hearts . . . and O how it tightens the heart
Not so much their being imprisoned in an old and unbearable America . . . more the America
imprisoned in them — so wracks and darkens the spirit
An America unseen, dreamed, tremors uncertain, bums the heart, sends bad vibes forth
cosmic and otherwise
You could see the contempt in their young-sad eyes . . . and meantime the jails are becoming
barber shops, and the army has always been
Yet unable they are to shave the hurricane from their eyes
Look unto Moses, no prophet ever reached the dreamed of lands . . . ah but your eyes are
dead . . . nor the America beyond your last dreamed hill
hovers real

II

And what has happened to our dream of beauteous America, Jack?
Did it look beautiful to you, did it sound so too, in its cold electric blue,
that America that spewed and stenched your home, your good brain,
that unreal fake America, that caricature of America,
that plugged in a wall America . . . a gallon of desperate whiskey a day
it took ye to look that America in its disembodied eye
And it saw you not, it never saw you, for what you saw was not there,
what you saw was Laugh-in, and all America was in laughing, that
America brought you in, brought America in, all that out there
brought in, all that nowhere nothing in, no wonder you were lonesome,
died empty and sad and lonely, you the real face and voice . . . caught
before the fake face and voice — and it became real and you fake,
O the awful fragility of things

"What happened to him?" "What happened to you?" Death happened him; a
gypped life happened; a God gone sick happened; a dream
nightmared; a youth armied; an army massacred; the father
shaved his head, the son got hairy; the father wants to eat
the son, the son feeds him stone, but the father no get stoned
And you, Jack, poor Jack, watched your father die, your America die, your
God die, your body die, die die die; and today fathers are
watching their sons die, and their sons are watching babies die,
why? Why? How we both asked WHY?
O the sad sad awfulness of it all

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You but a mere decade of a Kerouac, but what a lifetime in that dix Kerouac!
Nothing happened you that did not happen; nothing went unfulfilled, you circ'd
the circle full, and what's happening to America is no longer
happening to you, for what happens to the consciousness of the
land happens to the voice of that consciousness and the voice
has died yet the land remains to forget what it has heard and
the word leaves no bone
And both word and land of flesh and earth suffer the same sick the same
death... and dies the voice before the flesh, and the wind
blows a dead silence over the dying earth, and the earth will
leave its bone, and nothing of wind will roll the moan, but
silence, silence, nor e'en that will God's ear hear

Aye, what happened to you, dear friend, compassionate friend, is what is
happening to everyone and thing of planet
the clamorous sadly desperate planet now one voice less... expendable as
the wind... gone, and who'll now blow away the awful miasma of
sick, sick and dying earthflesh-soul America

When you went on the road looking for America you found only what you
put there and a man seeking gold finds the only America there is
to find; and his investment and a poet's investment... the same
when comes the crash, and it's crashing, aye crashing, yet the
windows are tight, are not for jumping; from hell none e'er fell

III

In Hell angels sing too
And they sang to behold anew
Those who followed the first Christ-bearer
left hell and beheld a world new
yet with guns and bibles came they
and soon their new settlement became old
and once again hell held quay

The ArcAngel Raphael was I to you
And I put the Cross of the Lord of Angels
upon you... there
on the eve of a new world to explore
And you were flashed upon the old and darkling day
a Beat Christ-boy... bearing the gentle roundness of things
insisting the soul was round not square
And soon... behind thee
there came a-following
the children of flowers

—north beach san francisco

Gregory Corso is a well-known North Beach poet and a friend of Jack Kerouac. A new volume of his verse, "Elegiac Feelings American," *will be published this year by New Directions.*

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The Rolling Stones

Collage by Eve Babitz

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The Rolling Stones—A

There's no business like show business,
Like no business I know;
Everything about it is appealing,
Everything the traffic will allow.

IRVING BERLIN

You can't always get what you want,
You can't always get what you want,
You can't always get what you want,
But if you try some time,
You just might find,
You get what you need.

MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

FOUR A.M. ON THE FIRST DAY of December (30 more days until 1970)—and it is bitter, bitter cold in West Palm Beach, Florida. Or, to be exact, at the Palm Beach International Raceway, a funky little redneck dragstrip a few inches above the waterline of a bush league Everglades 15 miles (plus a few thousand social light years) from the palm fringed luxury of the coast. Thirty thousand kids are huddled before a makeshift stage vainly trying to stop the insistent wind from pushing the swamp's primeval damp through every hole in their torn army jackets, dirty sleeping bags, ravelled sweaters and patched-up jeans. A few campfires make cozy orange patches in the dark, and the stage scaffolding looms skeleton-like against the cloud-flecked sky.

They've been there, this little fragment of the Woodstock Nation, for three days of music and misery (naturally it rained) that has become a ritual for a generation. "Everybody must get stoned," said Bobby Dylan in the pun of the decade, and these kids, radiantly happy and hopeful in a squalor as total as it is voluntary, are living it. Even in the dark the faces are familiar—teenagers still pimpled with their hair just barely long, clean cut but trying to be less so, adolescents awkwardly making the shift from beer and cars to grass and "love." There are a few hippies who have been doing it for years, but most of the kids—it is *Florida*, after all—have just begun to "do their thing." Their yearning to come together (where does it come from?) to experience that love-in, festival feeling they've heard so much about, floods up to the stage in waves of expectation so trusting and naive as to be at once absurd and deeply moving.

It's the last night of the Palm Beach Pop Festival, the smallest, last and least fashionable festival of the year, and it barely came to pass. Southern Florida, land of orange groves and the American Legion, had responded to a Miami festival and Door Jim Morrison's supposed self-exposure with a hysterical decency campaign manipulated by grown-ups (!) like Jackie Gleason and Art Linkletter. It wanted no more festivals. From the moment that 31-year-old promoter Dave Rupp announced the PBPF, "the Establishment," as he called it, tried to stop him. He was kept in court until a week before opening day, defending himself on a dozen legal fronts. His business, Dave Rupp Auto Brokers, was burned to the ground; his wife Sheila, a kindergarten teacher, was told, "It's trash like you that's making our kids turn out the way they are"; the insurance on the drag strip in which he is a partner was canceled; politicians threatened mass drug arrests, and he and his family were ostracized by their neighbors.

But the tract-home Bermuda shorts conservatives of West Palm Beach hadn't reckoned with Dave Rupp. Soft-spoken, sandy-haired and a self-described straight, Rupp is a '50's hot-rodder who became a world champion drag racer, then rock club owner (he assembled the Kingsmen of "Louie Louie" fame). then high performance car dealer. He never forgot what it was to be an American teenager. "The cops are pigs and the kids are great," he says looking out from a corner of the light booth. "I've known that since the days when I was 13 and outrunning the fuzz myself. I've lost $250,000 going through with this festival but it's been worth it because of those kids."

So, with his business gone, deep in debt, and an outcast in his own town, Dave Rupp got his show on. Despite about 100 drug busts and a personal visit by Governor Claude Kirk who kept the National Guard on pointless alert, it was a groove. Janis Joplin, the Jefferson Airplane, Sly and the Family Stone, and many others came and knocked themselves out. And now it is four a.m. and the biggest act of all, the group that should have been there 12 hours before and for whom the crowd has waited through the dank night, the Rolling Stones, are about to come on. At least some guy said ten minutes ago that they'd be on in three minutes, and . . . yes, there they are, Mick dancing out with an outrageous *Uncle Sam* hat on his beautiful head, and those kids shed the sleeping bags and blankets and leap up to cheer and cheer and cheer.

But that's the end of the story, or almost the end, and most often it's best to begin at beginnings, if you can find them. . . .

Well, it goes from St. Louis
Down to Missouri,
Oklahoma City looks oh so pretty,
You oughta see Amarillo,
An' Gallup, New Mexico,
Flagstaff, Arizona,
Don't forget Winona,
Bagdad, Barstow,
Then San Bernardino—
Won't you get hip to this kindly tip,
An' take that California trip,
Get your kicks,
On Route 66.

BOBBY TROUP

IN NINETEEN SIXTY-SEVEN rock 'n' roll, while exploding with unprecedented energy, suffered a triple loss: the Beatles, Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones stopped touring. The biggest draws in the business, they were also the most important musical-cultural influences on the whole rock scene. Each in a class by itself, the three together

by Michael Lydon

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Play in the Apocalypse

were their own class. Years before, rock's only other super-superstar, Elvis, had withdrawn into films, but the near simultaneous decisions by the Big Three shocked fans who had come to expect close contact with their idols. Their retreat created a vacuum that no one has since been able to fill.

At the time it was hard to conceive of a non-touring band—stories on the Beatles assumed they were breaking up—but now the reasons seem obvious. Rock 'n' roll touring is exhausting work; for stars who have to be guarded like the atomic bomb, it is claustrophobic and monotonous. Before 1967, almost no one listened at the concerts anyway, and for young stars excited by the adult possibilities of their music, the public adulation attending it seemed a childish drag which only increased bank accounts already immeasurable. With an independence not dreamed of by earlier entertainers who feared "losing popularity," they simply stopped doing what they no longer enjoyed. None lost popularity; all established with every record their continuing pre-eminence.

The rock world from which they had withdrawn changed just as they did—expanding many times over and becoming a sophisticated community that saw itself as the aesthetic and social center of its time. In live performance rock is now the greatest audience-gatherer in show business history. Provincial music when Elvis began to shake it on out in Memphis, it became a world-wide fad with the Beatles, and then, after San Francisco, an energy locus for a movement that looks like a new Children's Crusade.

None of the Big Three played at the Monterey Pop Festival, the event that signaled the opening of the new era, but they were missed. In 1967 it was still leader and follower. Woodstock, in fact Bethel, was a misdirected pilgrimage to Bob Dylan's home, but at that remarkable convention few missed the stars because finally the *audience* was the star—any stoned kid blowing his heart out on a bamboo flute could think he was as beautiful as Paul McCartney. The Beatles had said years before that anybody could be a Beatle. On that August weekend half a million people glimpsed the grail.

Fascinating news to the Stars; they had quit touring to rest from a world that suffocated them with its wants. Now that world was as far out as the Stars themselves—maybe farther out. In 1966 the Beatles—all long-haired dropouts—were playing to hysterical and short-haired school kids. In a 1969 audience, half the kids might look as thoroughly strange as John Lennon.

And touring itself looked like it might be fun again. After a few years of settling inevitably into marriage and babies and quiet evenings, what a gas to taste again those touring pleasures, the late-night motel living, the hopped-up edge of extreme fatigue, the girls and the parties, the cities and airports flashing by. On the road again! And best of all, the thrill of playing on stage and getting the rush of moving so many thousand people to the whim of your lyric imagination. Money too, of course. The fantastic success of Cream, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin and even such obvious frauds as Johnny Winter and Blind Faith in the spanking new civic auditoriums that dot America seemed profoundly encouraging to the money men who have always stood close behind rock 'n' roll royalty.

So not long ago the Big Three began to talk of going out to see the rock 'n' roll army they had helped so much to call into being. The Beatles have not yet been able to agree on a format. Dylan, encouraged by the success of his one-time back-up band, has made a few lightning appearances and now plans a tour. But the Rolling Stones, whose tours had always set an exactingly debauched standard, were the first to do a tour in the old full-blown, one-nighter style.

Who else but the Stones? Since the days when, freezing in London flats, they argued about soloists on old blues records, when they were huffing and puffing their way through Little Walter tunes in raggedy pubs and at debutante parties or getting their first following at the Crawdaddy Club in Richmond, the Stones have been the very toughest essence of a rock 'n' roll band. No mean thing to be, but a precise amalgam of diverse elements: a punk craftiness and sneering narcissism, a group comradeship unspoken and total, a cynical materialism that could never be bought, and a passionate love for a music that goes back to blues and boogie-woogie through rhythm and blues and all its white modifications. There was never anything metaphysical about the Stones, nor anything frilly. As hard and homeless as their name, unvarying in a densely primitive simplicity, the Stones peer blankly out from their record covers and call *everybody's* bluff. Performers of "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction"—perhaps the only perfect rock 'n' roll song—the Stones express a unique alienation that is the germ kernel of the rock 'n' roll sensibility—a profound frustration countered by an inchoate yearning for beauty.

Last spring the group conquered its final doubts and decided to plan a tour. Rhythm guitarist Brian Jones, strange, elusive Brian, did not want to go. Almost the founder of the group, he had been drifting out of its center for years. Without rancor but also without ceremony, he was replaced. In July, with new guitarist Mick Taylor, the Stones did a free Hyde Park concert which briefly held the record—250,000 kids for one sunny afternoon. Brian had drowned alone in his swimming pool two days before, but the show went on. Mick Jagger read Shelley ("Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep—He hath but awakened from the dream of life") and released a thousand white butterflies from the stage, but who ever expected the Stones to *mourn*? The bad mean Stones are now so bad and mean that one of them is a dead man.

The concert was a huge success, and they fixed on an American tour for the fall. Mick finished up his role in *Performance* and left for Australia to make *Ned Kelley*. Shooting ran late and then a few weeks of obstructionism by the U.S. Passport office (talk about your undesirable aliens!) delayed progress again. By late October a brand new corporation called Stones Promotions Ltd. had a tour itinerary—19 concerts in 14 cities—that would start on the Coast and work its way East. The Stones gathered in Los Angeles to finish the new record, rehearse, and soak up American vibrations from the vantage point of three mansions high in the Hollywood Hills.

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Across the country the fans rushed for tickets, the most expensive for any rock concert series. Three years of incredible history, good times and bad, drugs and street fighting and growing up, and now the Stones, whose music has followed it all at a distance, were coming back to kiss off the decade. The Stones tour—say the words and you heard the sizzle of *mysto* excitement, and put your tickets in the safest corner of your drawer. What would it be like to see the Stones again? One morning I hitchhiked down from the country to San Francisco, flew to Los Angeles, and joined the tour. I had, I told my friends before I left, no idea what it would be like.

Take me to the station
And put me on a train
I've got no expectations
To pass this way again.
MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

ROLLING STONES HQ (plus home for Charley Watts, his wife Shirley, baby Serafina and assorted tour personnel) is a DuPont family house above Sunset Strip with a panoramic view of the city, a swimming pool, tennis court and a gas fireplace in the living room that burns constantly with a steady hiss of expensive waste. Despite an impersonal rent-a-palace feeling, the Big House (as it's called) is homey. Serafina Watts toddles about the kitchen with her nanny, the cook and the maid, watching everything with her wide grey eyes. Charley talks chess with Sam Cutler, the Stones' closest aide-de-camp ("Why does the game end when you get the king?" asks Charley. "Couldn't the pawns revolt and continue the fight on their own?"), while Ronnie Schneider, head of Stones Promotions, makes deals on the dining room phone ("You tell that cocksucker to come up with the advance, or he'll be dead, DEAD! . . . Yeah? . . . So what else is new?").

The house has a cast of characters, one that with additions and deletions will remain constant for the month-long living drama. The Watts family will soon leave for England, but Charley the ever phlegmatic drummer will stay, and so will Sam, a madman Cockney passionately devoted to the well-being of "The Boys," i.e., the Stones. Ronnie too, a small, dark and dapper businessman of 26 who is never without his sleekly rounded briefcase or his astonishingly vulgar humor; and Jo Bergman, Mick's personal secretary, whose democratic good temper and apparently inexhaustible patience make her an oasis of resigned sanity in times of stress.

The cast has infinite gradations, but there are essentially two groups: Stones and non-Stones. Non-Stones serve Stones, and all, down to temporary secretaries and groupie-chauffeurs, have specific functions. While record engineer Glyn Johns must be picked up at Burbank by Mary the Driver, Doreen the PR Lady must pilot Mick through days of interviews. Jo deals with the calls for free tickets while Ronnie battles with Bill Graham about the Oakland concerts and Cathy snags a car to take Shirley and Charley out shopping.

Dour Bill Belmont ("My job is logistics and keeping the goddam expenses down") is in and out, planning the movements of the 16-man stage crew that will be hustling 15 tons of sound and light equipment from hall to truck to plane to truck to hall. "The best crew in the world, run of course by Chip Monck, the best stage manager in the world," he says late one night, slouching on one of the living room's three gigantic beige sofas. "Chip, after consulting with Mick, plans a theatrical approach. No crappy light shows, but a proscenium stage backlit for a changing color ambience highlighted by six Super-Trouper spots. The sound towers will be draped in grey, and Mick will sing from the center of a white starburst on a purple carpet."

His voice singsongs on about "real-time analyzers" and "acoustic voicing equipment," while Ian Stewart (Stew), sometime piano player, road manager and life-long friend of the Stones, plays a deft shuffle on Charley's drum kit to a Count Basie record. Other voices drift in and out: "I'll never forget my first Stones tour," says Ronnie's wife Jane, a girl of a vacuity as charming as it is natural. "I was 18, from a hick town, and did I have my eyes opened! I saw *everything*, b*elieve* me. Girls and girls, boys and boys, and oh, one *crazy* Negro girl who ran around the motel screaming she was *God*, for Chrissakes." Pretty Doreen (indignant): "I hung up on *Vogue* today. They asked for 14 tickets, *14!* Would they ask for 14 tickets if it was the Beatles or Dylan?" Charley (quietly): "It was different a few years ago. We were a pack then, when Brian was alive, a family in a way. But sometimes now I'm not sure I know the others."

Next day Mick comes by from the house he shares with Keith and Mick Taylor (it's rented from Steve Stills of Crosby, Stills, etc.), and is interviewed by two young rock critics from New York. Two of the best, they feel a comradeship with Jagger which they can't express, and are nervously torn between awe and skepticism. Mick, dressed in green velvet, answers them with just enough boredom to keep them tense and enough informality to keep them hoping for more.

Why the tour? "I've been on the musical stage since I was five, and I've missed it for the past few years. So I said to myself, 'Back to the boards where we belong, lads.' "

White blues? "We were never hung up about not being black. We just did imitation blues, but it was always good imitation."

Popularity? "Never thought we'd be big, thought we'd do blues for the fanatics. Then we heard the Beatles' 'Love Me Do' and figured we could do that and not compromise, so we did."

John Lennon and Apple Records? "The trouble with John Lennon is that he's never read Marx. If he had, he'd never have tried being a pseudo-capitalist and make such a cock-up of it."

Politics? "I was much more political before I started music. At the London School of Whats-Is-Name, I was big on it, big arguments and thumping on tables—like everybody in *college*, man."

He smiles the Jagger smile at the room, making deep ridges beside his famous mouth; an ironic jester who insists his words, sung or spoken, don't matter at all. The interviewers leave, happy to have been there but sure he has danced beyond their range.

I'm sitting here thinkin' just how sharp I am,
I'm sitting here thinkin' just how sharp I am,
I'm an under-assistant West Coast Promo Man,
So sharp, so very, very sharp.
MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

Photograph by Ethan Russell

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"NO, I WOULDN'T SAY we have a publicity *strategy* for this tour," says David Horowitz, the indefinably prissy PR man from Solters and Sabinson, Inc. assigned to the Stones. "The Stones, we believe, will make their own news. We see our job as facilitating the dissemination of that news as widely as possible. It's a great story and, *we* believe, an important assignment for the firm."

He's wearing a double-breasted blazer, a wide pink tie under a spread Italian collar, and sideburns an inch and a half longer than the nationwide norm for 35-year-old males. His office is in a brand new building on Sunset Strip; the garage is full of Buick Rivieras and the elevators full of David Horowitzes—the sideburn set in pastel shirts and cuffless pants whose lifework it is to service the entertainment center of the Western world. The Strip, a broad snake of a street always shedding its skin for something more glamorous, is their home, the press release and billboard their language.

Old ladies are still on the corners selling the out-of-date Movie Star Home maps, but it is rock 'n' roll, not the movies or even television, that is the "now" industry of the street. Tawdry shacks like the Whisky or The Experience are the public places to see and in which to be seen. Tiny boutiques with grimy dressing rooms are the centers of a fashion industry that can make yesterday's eccentricity tomorrow's old clothes. The Strip is the natural American home of the Rolling Stones. When they are not eating, sleeping or slouching about listening to records (their major occupations), they are on it.

Never to stay, but for quick jumps out of chauffeured cars into Schwabs for vitamin pills and sunglasses, into this shop for a shirt, into that one for a belt and a pair of boots, into a club for a few drinks and a set of Bo Diddley, Little Richard, Taj Mahal, Chuck Berry or the Flying Burrito Brothers. The visits—Keith and Mick are the most serendipitous—are always informal, yet somehow regal. What they buy and where they stop is of course accidental, but the Strip does not believe it. "The Stones were here last night," "Bill bought a vest here"— awed incantations that report a blessing from the gods.

The more adventuresome do not wait for a visit, but attack the citadel directly. The Stones' house is a temporary Versailles, and through it flow the suppliants, this one with a film deal, that one with a poster deal, another trying to get a record endorsement. One young man talks vaguely of his road management experience and offers his services for the tour if they'll just pay his expenses. Cool young ladies insist that Keith invited them up, and photographers and writers swear they were promised exclusive interviews. Some, even by the Strip's exacting standards, are Important—singers, producers, promoters and groupies—but in the Stones' house they are all nervous. The Stones are in town, and all orders of caste are suddenly overturned; it's no longer Who Do You Know, but Do You Know The Stones?

The Stones themselves are distant from most of it, protected in part by the palace guard of Jo and Sam ("Let's not bother The Boys now," Sam suggests a dozen times a day in a voice that charms as it refuses), in part by their cultivated indifference to their effect, and in part too by the terrible shyness that afflicts these determined seekers at the crucial moment. Groupies of every sort who spent weeks to get to the Stones suddenly turn abject and fade into the wallpaper when confronted with one in the flesh.

"All these people, what are they *here* for," says Charley

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one day to no one in particular.

"I finally figured out why I want to go home," replies Shirley, a slender blonde with large sad eyes. "It's because I'm tired of being in a house where everyone is a job and no one talks anything but numbers. 'Twenty thousand, 65 per cent, dollars, seats.' And there are too many people who talk nicely to you and then don't say good-bye when they leave. Have you noticed that, Charley?"

He has, but the conversation dwindles. In the dining room Ronnie is working to a climax. He's got one overambitious sideburner in a carefully laid trap, and he's springing it. What is being said is indistinct, but there is no mistaking the glow of pleasure in Ronnie's New York accent as he presses his advantage. The sideburner feints in embarrassment, looking for a safe retreat. Ronnie counters; a note of humiliation comes from the mouse in striped pants; Ronnie decides on mercy and lets his prey scurry through the kitchen to his Riviera and back to the haven of the Strip. Ronnie strolls into the living room, snapping his briefcase shut.

"Oh, these pathetic bastards," he crows, "I'll screw 'em, screw 'em all. Remember when Bill Graham came down, full of bluster, telling us he'd do the whole tour, as a favor? Listen to this, Charley, you'll get a kick out of it. There's Graham, telling me what a big shot he is, how he built the Fillmore, how he's booked this group, that group. So I sit and wait for him to finish, and then I say, 'Well, Bill, that sounds pretty good, but what did you ever do *big*?' He almost fell on the floor."

A phone rings. It's for Ronnie, and he's back at work.

AT LONG LAST THE TOUR BEGINS, an out-of-town preview, though no one calls it that, at the University of Colorado in Fort Collins. The Stones and their entourage gather in the President's Club Room, the VIP lounge of Continental Airways at the LA Airport. A motley crew, to say the least, but the President's Club Room has seen their like—Donovan's name is scrawled a few pages back in the guest register. A few businessmen are in a corner (they call it "the ghetto"), pushed there by the strange vibrations of these millionaire hippies with 12 guitar cases and their feet up on the fake Japanese furniture. One, a Bloody Mary clenched in a well-tanned hand, wanders over and notices Astrid, Bill Wyman's quiet wife.

"Well, lookee here," he calls to a chuckling friend, "I think I'll sit down next to this pretty young girl, and what's your name, young lady?"

Astrid looks at Bill; Bill smiles.

"You the fellas who had the hockey game canceled for your concert?" says the friend. He's drinking Scotch. Bill says the game wasn't canceled, only moved to the afternoon.

"Aw, don't mind us," says the first. "We're from the Manned Space Center in Houston, drinking up a little rest and relaxation in California." He toasts them.

"You mean *you guys* are putting people on the moon?" asks Keith.

"That's right," says the friend, "if Nixon will give us the money. You want to go to the moon?"

"Sure," says Keith.

"Just lemme know when," says the first.

In another corner a woman with pearls and a Chanel copy suit is showing her husband Irving pictures of their furniture in Better Homes and Gardens. She looks up, catching the eye of Cathy, Mick's friend and chauffeur.

"Now can you tell me which one of these boys is the father of two children by two different girls? I read about it in Cosmopolitan."

Before she can answer, Keith strides over. He has on huge purple sunglasses that obscure the top half of his face, a floor-length leather coat over his shoulders, a dirty Irish sweater, maroon velvet pants and lizard-skin boots. A cougar tooth earring is in his left ear, and his hair is a home-cut thatch that dribbles to his shoulders.

"Are you talking about me babies?" he demands in a piercing high camp.

"I read in *Cosmo* . . ."

"You read too many magazines, sweetie." He turns, and the lady, who must spend a lot of time with interior decorators and hairdressers, stage whispers knowingly, "I'm sure *he's* nobody's father." Keith whirls.

"Try me some time, baby."

Irving is still deep in the LA Times. "Irving," she whines, "Irving, they're so goddam hostile. Why, Irving, why are they?"

An' all the flat-top cats
An' all the dungaree dolls
Are headed for the gym
To the sock-hop ball
The joint is really jumpin'
The cats are goin' wild
The music really flips me
Dig my crazy style!

I'm ready,
Ready, ready, Teddy,
I'm ready, woooooh
Ready, ready, Teddy,
I'm ready,
Ready, ready, Teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready, to—
Rock 'n' Roll!

"LITTLE RICHARD" PENNIMAN

IT'S 66 AND SUNNY IN DENVER. The fleet of rented limousines whirs swiftly across the fall-orange prairie of the Big Sky country as the sun sinks behind the Rockies. The campus looks more like an airport or an electronics factory than a college; four hours before concert time, the kids are lining up at the doors. The Stones get there early for a sound rehearsal, and with a bored professionalism, do their jobs, calling out for more gain on the stage monitors, less treble for Bill's bass, and another mike for Charley's tom-tom.

"I don't know what it is, Chip," Mick says through his mike, "but we were *loud* in rehearsals, and now it just isn't loud."

Chip mumbles assent and goes back to his dials. Mick jumps down from the stage and walks to the back of the hall to listen. Coming back, he begins a little dance, a quiet hop march on the band's off beat. His long muscular arms swing with a peculiar grace and his head is held at an angle both restful and proud. There are 30 people there, stagehands, ushers, a

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few girls, and they all stop to watch Mick Jagger walk. When he notices the eyes on him, he laughs, breaks stride, and then jumps back up on stage.

By eight o'clock the gym—the basketball nets folded like landing gear into the ceiling—is packed. A few freaks from Denver and Boulder, but the cross section looks like a McCarthy volunteer reunion; *nice-looking* kids, smoking dope but still in knee socks and circle pins, plaid shirts and loafers. For the first time there is that soon-to-be-familiar tensely compressed energy, directed to the bright spot that waits for the Rolling Stones.

The Stones get dressed in the Letterman's Lounge, not nervous (though Charley has his usual problem of shaky feet), but as expectant as the kids. "I wonder what these kids are like now," says Keith. "I mean, do they watch TV or are they turning on in the basement?" "Or watching *Easy Rider*?" says Mick. No one knows if they'll scream; maybe they'll even be disappointed. Mick picks out a slow blues on an acoustic guitar. Keith and Mick Taylor tune up together, leaning over a small amp. Sam rushes in; it's time to go. They make a procession down the halls, carrying their guitars close so they won't get knocked out of tune. They wait at the steps as the lights dim. Sam takes the mike.

"Okay, Fort Collins, Colorado, we made it, we're here, and so I want you to give a big western welcome to the group you've been waiting for, the *Rolling STONES!*" Up the steps and into the light. Keith's red shirt is dotted with sparkles, his black pants have silver conchos down the side. Mick is in white, a long black scarf trailing almost to the floor. He leaps high, then bows.

"All right, Fort Collins, all *right!*" There's an edge of scorn in his voice, but Fort Collins is on its feet and yelping, and Keith hammers out the first chords of "Jumping Jack Flash."

I was born in a cross fire hurricane . . .

Yahoo! The Stones are *here!*

I was raised with a strap across my back . . .

Don't they look fine! Bill Wyman, his Fender high over his hip, standing in his customary trance, Mick Taylor bending over his Gibson, Charley snapping at the high hat, and Mick strutting like a little red rooster.

But it's all right now
In fact it's a gas
I'm Jumping Jack Flash
It's a gas, gas, gas
Yeah!

A holy moment for 10,000 kids, but it doesn't get as high again. Mick never hits a peak, and the kids are shy. An 18-year-old freshman from Laramie is beside me, crew-cutted and in his high school letter jacket. He's kneeling in an aisle with his date, loving it; his girl's bright brown eyes drink in Jagger's body, but they're cautious and baffled. "Street Fighting Man" closes the show; could it be their song, now or ever?

I was like any other kid, which is why all the rest identified with me. I was just the same as they were, except that I'd jumped the tracks a bit more, that's all. All the stuff about my leading them and perverting them or whatever, it's a load of cock. We just sort of went along together, didn't we?

MICK JAGGER, quoted in Playboy

THE LOS ANGELES FORUM ("the Fabulous Forum," say the ads) is color coded. On one side all the seats, signs and mini-togas of the ushers are a garish yellow; on the other, all is an equally garish orange. It can hold 18,000 at full capacity and can be adapted to suit any sport, entertainment or convention purpose; its parking lots end only where the Inglewood racetrack's lots begin; it has no windows. Swathed at night in cosmetic lighting, dream-like and utterly free of blemish, it seems a scale model of itself. More than the new Madison Square Garden, more even than Houston's Astrodome (obviously Texas eccentric), the Forum seems a fantasy tribute to the tons of excess wealth that burden 1960's America with a Tiberian opulence.

The Stones are scheduled for two concerts on a single evening at the Forum; 36,000 people, mostly teenagers, have paid an average of $7 a seat to see them. Scalpers are getting $50 for the $12.50 top price seats. That is but a fraction of the money spent for this evening's pleasure. The children of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Burbank, Glendale, Riverside and the other fabled freeway towns, arrive in $5000 cars designed by Detroit for the youth market, in clothes of suede and silk and exotic plastics, in boots from Italy and vests from Persia, sunglasses from Paris and belts from Mexico, bells from India and T-shirts from London. Levis, too, but more likely beige corduroy than blue denim; leather jackets, but of tailored buckskin with beaded fringes 15 inches long. They don't look neat, because that's not the look. They are *hippies*, after all, stoned high and low on every conceivable (and therefore available) drug, but they are *rich*. Not every one, yet as they drift in clumps to their orange and yellow seats, their easy acceptance of the divine right to over-consumption is as evident as their Southern California tans.

The show starts almost two hours late—the rush conversion from the afternoon's hockey game took longer than planned—but no one minds. It's the full tour concert as the Stones planned it—perhaps the best rock show ever. Nineteen year old Terry Reid, the latest in a long line of handsome English guitarists, opens it with his rock-blues trio, then B. B. King does his customarily magnificent set. Ike and Tina Turner follow, and their precision choreographed rite of sexual ecstasy knocks 'em dead.

On run the Stones, Mick in black tonight, waving a big hello to Los Angeles ("Has it really been three years, Los Angeles? It doesn't feel so long"), and smiling back as he crests the wave of adulation that swarms up from the darkness. They lay it down, moving through the rockers, dropping back into blues, then "I'm Free," Mick going to the stage corners and telling the 18,000, "I'm free, I want you to be free, we gotta be free, we can be free if we know we're free." On into the sublimely evil "Midnight Rambler," and then he stops at center stage and peers out through the spotlights.

"I wish I could see all you people," he says with honeyed wistfulness. "You can see us and we're beautiful, but there are so many of you and you're probably a bit more beautiful than we are."

(Is *Mick Jagger* actually ceding his spotlight place to the multitude?)

"Chip, let's have some light on the people," and instantly the Forum is bright, and the crowd, freed from darkness, looks at itself, and the Stones blast into "Little Queenie," then "Satisfaction" ("Oh, we gotta find us a little satisfaction, gotta

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find it, and I can't find it for you, you gotta find it for yourselves"), then "Honky Tonk Woman," and the kids are on their feet, leaving the seats and pouring into the aisles, jumping over the sideburn set in the front rows, streaking to the stage, body to body, faces laughing and incredulous, Mick dancing just above their outstretched arms.

She said her name was Terri, and she appeared out of the slowly disintegrating stage-side mob, crying, shaking and almost vomiting with fear. Shouting ushers were clearing the hall for the second show, and she dodged around them, her eye make-up smudged blackly around her tiny nose. She said she had come with her boyfriend Jim and they had been sitting up in back but had worked their way down front and then she lost him. He had her pocketbook in his jacket with all her money and she didn't know what to do.

At 1:30 a.m. poor crying Terri was a pitiful sight. Two friends and I took her out to eat (she refused everything). She said she lived in El Monte, had run away from home and was staying with friends. She didn't know their name though, and her Jim, off the next day to Viet-Nam with the Air Force, was last name-less to her too. She was scared of going home ("they'll kill me"), and every public crash pad and free clinic in LA was either closed for the night or for good. "You're a girl of our times," said Eve. "Like a rolling stone," joked Harry.

There was nothing else we could do, so we gave her a lecture on getting along with her parents until she could make it on her own, put $10 in her reluctant hand, and forced her into a cab that would take her to El Monte. I hope she got there.

Bukka White, an old black bluesman from Memphis, cousin and teacher of B. B. King, is backstage at the Forum, and a young white friend takes him in to meet the Stones. Keith is sitting plucking out a tune on his National steel guitar; that's Bukka's instrument too, and he listens for a minute, then turns to Mick. "Why, that boy's pickin'!" says Bukka, genuinely amazed. "He's a *star*. Hey boy," and he taps Keith's knee, "you ever cut any records? You're that good, boy."

You can tell the men from the boys
By the size of their toys.

PROSPECTOR SLIM

OAKLAND IS NEXT, and as the tour day drags to a start about one p.m., there arrives a singular addition to the cast, one John Jaymes, at times accompanied by his business partner Gary M. Stark, at others by his mother. John Jaymes, who is 30, very, very fat, and whose name has been shortened from something long and Italian, is the president of a New York firm called Young American Enterprises Corp., which in turn controls the fortunes of some 19 other companies. John is essentially a "fad merchandiser" —"fads are my basic business material." Through his companies he creates, designs, manufactures, distributes and sells T-shirts, bumper stickers, buttons, notepads, dolls, balloons and toys keyed to any bit of nonsense that is currently sweeping the country. One company has a contract to merchandise Rowan and Martin Laugh-In products, another makes "graffiti stationery," another is preparing to flood the country with body-painting kits. "We're getting it so good now," says John, "that if there's a fad on Monday, we'll have a button and sticker for it in the stores by Friday."

Though he claims to have made and lost millions in it, merchandising only hints at the diversity of John's interests. A one-time narcotics agent (the grass we smoke, he says, is garbage), he once ran unsuccessfully for office in New York and promoted rock 'n' roll shows at Shea Stadium. He is now setting up a youth paper to be sent free to a carefully selected list of a few hundred thousand teenage consumers, serves on a Congressional youth committee, and also does "youth promotion" for various major corporations, including Dodge cars.

How he got on the tour is a mystery, but Dodge was his angle. With him arrives a fleet of Dodges to replace the rented cars, and for every tour city similar fleets plus trucks for the equipment are promised—and maybe a Dodge executive plane from time to time. All this comes free to Stones Promotions Ltd., as does John himself. "It's a gamble for me," he says. "It's a prestige promotion for us, plus, of course, a tie-in promotion for Dodge."

Yet John's real (or maybe apparent—such distinctions lose their meaning around John Jaymes) contributions are his chutzpah and his "contacts." John, says John, can fix a ticket anywhere, make sure nobody gets busted, find hotel rooms when none are available, make scheduled airlines wait for late equipment trucks, and bluff his way through to the man at any top. "Everything's angles and how to work 'em," he says.

He meets a test the first day out. The scene: Oakland's Edgewater Inn; time: six p.m. Everyone but the Stones, Ronnie and Sam is safely in Oakland, and the Stones' plane is due any minute. In the restaurant John has a phone glued to his ear, a drink to his hand. Word comes that a few reporters and maybe 100 kids have gathered at the airport. John smells disaster: hadn't Mick said "no reporters"? His porcine face takes on a Churchillian belligerence, the table becomes War Operations Nerve Center. Calls flash out. The airplane must land at a new spot. Impossible? He asks for a higher up. There is none. Then the limousines must be able to drive to the airplane steps. Impossible too. He orders more drink. David Horowitz arrives and offers hushed suggestions; John waves them away. He demands that the Stones be radioed the information that an unruly mob awaits them. No. Finally he gets permission to board the plane himself and warn them in person.

Down goes the phone; doubletime through the lobby, and a 70 mph run to the airport. No limousines. He rents a few cars. "Send the bill to me." The plane lands. John is up the steps, then down. He leads The Boys out. There is one TV crew, two kids with movie cameras, and perhaps 50 others who walk politely beside the group until they reach the cars. Of which there are not enough. We all pile in, eight to a car. Screech to the motel. Mission accomplished.

The Oakland audience knows nothing of John Jaymes and his hustles. If they did, they wouldn't believe he could be connected with "their" Rolling Stones. In Oakland that night they want reality as *they* see it; a curious place, the Bay Area. This blessedly beautiful gathering of cities on still green hills beside a tranquil bay is, for its residents, a new Paris, the intellectual and moral center of the world youth avant garde. To the Bay Area mentality, Los Angeles is plastic, London frivolous, New York impossible, and dirty besides. Happy in its provinciality and passionately convinced of its superiority, it

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believes itself a microcosm of American problems and possibilities.

Problems and possibilities, precisely; the Bay Area, a tensely schizoid union of Berkeley and San Francisco, has never decided which is more real. Since the Free Speech Movement, militant Berkeley has angrily emphasized the problems. With the Haight-Ashbury at its golden peak, good-timey San Francisco embodied the psychedelic possibilities. While the Haight decayed and fled from itself, Berkeley took acid, created, fought for and lost a beautiful park, and now no one knows what to do. "Berkeley" and "San Francisco" have become less geographic entities than conflicting states of mind, often existing in equal strength in the same person.

Rock 'n' roll has become the prime symbol of the paradox and a bone of incessant contention. The Militant calls it a capitalist diversion and quotes Bob Dylan to prove it; The Fan mocks the Militant's paranoia, and dances, convinced that music will dissolve entrenched and profitable inequity. Both mistrust their own feelings as much as their "enemies," and the Bay Area hasn't had a community good time in years. In a summer of rock festivals, San Francisco's effort, the Wild West Show, was destroyed before it happened by the tactless extravagance of its "hip rock" backers and the concerted spite of radicals who mistook incompetence for a plot against the people.

The incestuous battling did not cease for the Stones; if anything it got more intense (and more confused). Promoter Bill Graham and San Francisco Chronicle columnist Ralph J. Gleason, who usually defend rock as the poetic revolution while avoiding direct attack on rock's business ethic, publicly lashed the Stones for their reactionary arrogance and greed. "Mick Jagger may be a great performer," Graham told all listeners, "but he's an egotistical creep as a person." Jagger, wrote Gleason, had personal moral responsibility for the high ticket prices and the tour's tough contracts. The radicals, who in their hearts adore the Stones for their uncompromising toughness, did their best to forget their political doubts and scrambled for tickets with the rest of the fans. Both concerts, of course, were total sell-outs.

It's all there at concert time—a community's projected doubts and wants brought together by the magic of theatre into the blue-grey cavern of the Oakland Coliseum. Gathered, they focus before the stage as an invisible but palpable question that demands resolution in the music of the Rolling Stones. The Stones fend it off, avoiding questions about money and politics at a small pre-concert press conference. "I think you know we're with you on Viet-Nam and everything," Mick says. "It's just that I don't find it a thing to sing songs about. It's music for us, and supposed to be fun. We want you to get up and dance, not sit back and be worried about what you're *supposed* to do."

The first concert, plagued by broken amps and erratic mikes, barely gets off the ground, but the second is a gas. Feeding on the crowd's intensity, the band plays magnificently, Keith hurling back the invisible demands in twisted, astringent lines from his transparent guitar. "I'm Free" goes dead to the crowd that's been wearing "Free Huey," "Free the Oakland 7" and "Free the Chicago 8" buttons for years—so what if *you're* free, Mick Jagger?—but when the lights come up, the crowd breaks loose on schedule. Some just dance to the music as they once did at the Fillmore, but thousands surround the stage in a sea of upraised fists, each begging Mick's approval, each asking, which side are you on, boy?

A few bearded kids try to climb on the stage and Mick dances back from the edge, his ironic smile suddenly gone. He sings "Satisfaction" as if possessed, his head shaking in fury, but the fists still wave in his face unsatisfied. Into "Street Fighting Man," and Mick's right hand finally makes a fist that rises slowly above his head. A new wave of fists appears, but then his left rises in a V. There are scattered boos. A kid makes it over the edge; Sam scurries over to get him off. Bill Graham, eyes blazing, grabs Sam and knocks him down. The music rockets on and the two grown men roll awkwardly under the piano. In the crescendo Mick hurls back the question that is his only answer—

But what can a poor boy do,
'Cept sing in a rock 'n' roll band?
'Cause in sleepy London town, there's just no place for a Street Fighting Man!

He grabs a hatful of rose petals and flings great handfuls of them at the mob. A few acres of kids stand open-mouthed, each on some personal brink of hope and fear, and it seems that this singing poor boy is doing just fine. It's over; the Stones run from the stage.

They are disappointed; San Francisco, they had thought, was a groovy place. "Politics like that, I don't believe the intensity," says Mick. In their dressing room, the banquet Graham had ordered for them (with special English beers and cheeses) is scattered obscenely on the floor. On one wall Graham had pinned a poster of himself giving the finger to the world at large. Now food is smeared over his face, and "This is where my head is at" is written in a balloon from his grinning mouth. They'll be back—they have already promised a free San Francisco concert at the end of the tour; but tonight they hurry to John Jaymes' waiting Dodges and fly back to mansioned comfort in pleasant, if plastic, LA.

And that Mick Jagger—I wouldn't take him if the price was only $3000. . . . We guessed wrong with the Rolling Stones the last time around. It was one of our biggest financial blunders. . . . The price was a bit high but it looked like a good investment. We put in wooden horses as a barrier and put a line of policemen along with them. . . . Those kids charged and rolled over everything, police, horses, and all. We wound up with some crushed policemen.

Now the Monkees, there's an improvement. Really cooperative. They opened by telling the kids, "Sit in your seats and enjoy the show." This was really good for crowd control.

PROMOTER JOE MURNICK OF RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,
quoted in *Amusement Business*, a Billboard Publication

When I'm riding round the world
An' I'm doin' this
An' I'm signin' that
An' I'm tryin' to make some girl
Who tells me
"Baby, baby, come back,
Maybe next week,
Cause you see
I'm on a losing streak"—
I can't get no,
No, no no . . .

MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

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A STRANGE WARNING, that Oakland concert—what do these kids *want* so badly from the Stones? But the message, even if it were decipherable, is lost in the blur of concerts that follow. With Oakland down, the opening high moments are over. Now the body of the tour begins. Above all else, it is bloody hard work. The hours are ridiculous; bed is seldom reached before dawn, and once everyone is up, showered, fed and dressed, there is time for nothing but getting organized and to the gig. San Diego, then Phoenix (with a three a.m. stop for the hell of it in Las Vegas where we wander from club to club as startled patrons ask us if we're the cast of "Hair"), then a night off before beginning a four-day run to Dallas, Auburn, Champaign and Chicago to wind up the first half of the tour.

Touring—how to remember its oddness? It is a trip in every sense: a decision to accept the discipline of a long and intense journey which, though known in form, is mysterious in content. Normal stimuli—friends, home and daily routine—which we all call reality are replaced by the repetitive actions of constant travel. Life on tour, while infinitely more *exciting* than ordinary life, is much less varied. It has no cause and effect, only sequence; you cannot ask yourself, "What am I going to do today?" because you know what you have to do even though you have no idea what's going to happen. It is a tunnel of adventure through which you fall in wide-eyed but disoriented passivity. The more experienced conserve their energy, but the powerful tendency is to get stoned and stay stoned on whatever combination of pills and powders or liquids and weeds comes your way. To leave the tour is almost unimaginable. Moments that could be snatched for walks, reading or sight-seeing are passed up. When you get to your motel room, you turn on the TV and leave it on, never changing channels, until you leave.

Undoubtedly more bizarre in detail (do candidates sniff cocaine through tightly rolled ten dollar bills in the first class jet compartment?), the tour is more like a presidential campaign than anything else. We leap across the vastness of America in giant bounds. To everyone on whom we descend in sloppy mass—desk clerks, Avis girls, stewardesses, porters, headwaiters and cops—we are an event ("Guess who I saw at work today, dear?"). We move in an unwieldy splendor, waiting grumpily for John Jaymes-arranged Dodges or limousines, ignoring ranks of empty cabs.

At each city is the meeting of the faithful who have already been warmed up by the introductory acts before we arrive. The Stones come on just barely in time, deliver the prepared show, bow, then roar away through the waving hands and smiling-anxious faces of well-wishers. There is no flesh-pressing. The promoter and his family, maybe a disc jockey or two, get into the dressing room to thrill for a moment in the glow of indisputable fame, but the ordinary Stones lover is kept at a distance that would appal the post-Kennedy politician. Surrounded by security men, we sweep in and out of cities, honking our way through red lights at top speed, and driving as though pursued by assassins to elude the few carloads of fans who want only an autograph and a good snap for their Instamatics.

In political terms, the Stones are the candidate, Ronnie the campaign manager, Sam the go-for and court jester, and Jo the traveling secretary and liaison with campaign headquarters—the Stones' London office with which she is in daily contact. John Jaymes is the fixer and detail man; Tony, a big and nutty black kid, the strong man; and there is even a press corps: photographer Ethan Russell, Stones biographer Stanley Booth, and myself. In Los Angeles there were always extras in our cast; on the road there are none.

The cast becomes a group—not quite a team, but a band united by the uniqueness of the joint experience. The whole tour numbers perhaps 40 people, counting equipment men and supporting acts, but they travel in their own casts, converging with us only at concert time. Chip Monck, Bill Belmont and Stew (the advance men) we see often, but B. B. King, who appeared at half the concerts, barely met the Stones. There were light men and sound technicians who, after working for a month in absolute interdependence, did not know each other's first names.

Stanley, Ethan and I have little to do but stay reasonably alert, take our notes and pictures, and be sure we're not left behind—a demanding task in itself. Everyone else has one or many jobs to do, and while everything gets done, nothing is done well enough for anyone to relax. That is in part due to Murphy's inexorable Law, in part to the last-minute scramble in which the tour was planned, and in part because there is no chief of operations. Ronnie, John or Bill Belmont can, for instance, set the time and means for departure from hotel to gig, and they often do, in conflicting independence. When they do agree, Sam, acting on mumbled instructions from a sleepy Keith, can insist on new arrangements that will give "The Boys" another hour's sleep.

So we arrive in Dallas to find that all room reservations have been canceled by Bill's mistake. While he chews at the scarred stubs of nails long since bitten away, a furious Ronnie has a tearful desk clerk begging space from every hotel in town. The plane chartered for the Dallas to Auburn leg flies away empty on instructions from an unknown culprit. Two hours of frantic calls result in the following travel spaghetti: press corps, Jo, Stew, and Terry Reid fly Delta to Atlanta and rent cars for a three-hour drive to Auburn. The equipment goes to Columbus, Georgia while the equipment crew must fly to Montgomery, then drive to Columbus to get it. Ronnie, Sam and The Boys get an ancient chartered plane to Columbus. It's a four-hour flight, and after take-off they find there is no food, no drink and no cigarettes on board, plus no heat and stuck-open vents under every seat that emit steady arctic winds.

Dallas-Auburn was the low point and everyone was bitching. Mick wanted Bill Belmont "carpeted," and Bill said the crew thought the Stones were "a bunch of snobs playing dull music." Rookie Mick Taylor was bewildered, and Stew, on every Stones tour since they were doing England's cinema circuit, was disgusted. "We used to just do a bleeding tour," he said in soft Scots, "get into town, get a room, hire a few local blokes to carry the gear, set up and do the gig—30, 40 cities like that. But when you start hiring whole houses and cars and have people like Ronnie Schneider and *John Jaymes*, for Godsakes, around, you're bound to have trouble."

The real problem, however, is not the disorganization as such, but the subtly pervasive hysteria that comes with being close to the Rolling Stones. The Stones are *stars*—on tour, if not elsewhere, automatically the center of attention and privilege. None insist on that status, but they accept its security with an equanimity both innocent and arrogant.

The Stones' perspective on the tour is, of course, unique. They are, for instance, the only people who have old friends along for company—themselves. The whole machine with all

Photograph by James Cummins

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its delicate tunings is caused by and devoted to them; their only job is to play. Since they do that well, they are willing to treat the rest as someone else's job and thus ignore it. All shy and private people, they retreat as best they can from the center of attention. Charley, like all drummers, is just the drummer. Bill Wyman, always followed closely by Astrid, goes his own silent way; Mick Taylor, although always treated with a generous courtesy by others, is still, by virtue of his newness, on his own. Keith, the group's *eminence bizarre* and Mick's unsentimental alter-ego, scorns any overt leadership role. Only Jagger—to all non-Stones the very center of this hierarchical solar system—takes an active interest in the overall direction of the machine; yet he refuses to lead it, and so no one does. His wishes for it are vague and unformed; as interpreted by the loyal lieutenants, they become the ultimate command: "Mick wants. . . ." But when the organization broke down completely in Dallas, he complained bitterly that "The trouble with this tour is that there is no one strong enough to *run* it." The irony went unremarked; the Stones, and certainly Jagger, are the tour's essential premise, and therefore, if not always right, never wrong.

All non-Stones are relatively insecure and in a constant struggle to maintain their own egos and their place in the graded orbits around the Stones. While on one hand there is an undercurrent of hostility to the Stones—why do *they* always get the dope first?—there is a stronger one of self-dramatization, a pressure to maximize one's importance to the Stones. That in turn increases the Stones' status, and everyone is more important if the Stones are more important.

John Jaymes' noisy finaglings in Oakland are a classic example of the syndrome, but almost no one is immune—Ronnie, for instance. A nephew of the Stones' business manager Alan Klein, he quit Klein's firm, ABKCO Industries, just before the tour and set up Stones Promotions Ltd. as an independent company. The Stones' tour manager when he worked for Klein, he now has cautious hopes of enlarging his role, if not of replacing Klein entirely. The best means to that end is a successful tour which in his terms means, above all, substantial profits. He can do nothing the Stones do not want, i.e., baseball stadium concerts, but he can drive exacting bargains. He does; he gets the whole guarantee from each promoter, rather than the normal half, before concert time. This he puts into short-term notes at 8-1/2 per cent. He cuts the booking agency's commission to 7-1/2 per cent; it is normally between 10 and 15 per cent for major acts. At every concert he dogs the promoters, watching for every possible hustle, checking receipts, and bullying them when they complain of minor contract infractions. He makes sure the Stones know all of this in gleeful boasts of his prowess.

(It is not all boasting; Stones Promotions Ltd. grosses approximately $1.7 million on the tour. From that figure, however, must be deducted all costs and overheads, including the fees for Terry Reid, B.B., Ike and Tina, and Chuck Berry, all hired by the corporation. Each Stone probably added about $50,000 to their present fortunes for the month's work.)

Sam makes himself gate-keeper to The Boys and treats them with a deference due only retarded royal children. Jo worries she cannot be all that Mick expects of her. Jeff, the equipment boy, quits Terry Reid to join the Stones because "carrying Stones' amps is more fun." For myself, a day spent close to the Stones is a "good day," one away from the inner circle a nervously boring drag. We all grow tired of smiling but fear stopping. The jostling of those close to the Stones to stay close is—entirely non-coincidentally—strikingly similar to the mad rush to the stage at every concert.

All of which is a colossal drag, but the miracle is that, despite it and even with it, the tour is an absolute gas for all concerned. That is indubitably due to the Rolling Stones; the hysteria is but the obverse of the excitement, and the coin comes up heads far more often than tails. Withal we are mates and have great fun together. And night after night, the concerts themselves are a stoned perfect thrill and delight to the ear, eye, mind and soul.

Girl: I LOVE *the Rolling Stones.*
Time Reporter: So do I, but . . .
Girl: No buts for me. Mick is so beautiful. You know how he can stand there with his hand on his hip, twitching his little ass, and then he smiles! *and* falls *back, pushing the microphone away, and does little hops, I could die.*
Reporter: Wow, you really . . .
Girl: And Keith, he's so mean and sexy—evil, my girl friend calls it, but I *bet he's real shy inside. And Charley's got the greatest smile, looks like a camel or a dolphin, or somebody who knows just* everything.
Reporter: I like them in my head, but I don't know how to show it.
Girl: Well, take off your tie, stupid, and let it all hang out. That's *your story 'cause* that's *what the Stones are all about!*

NO TWO CONCERTS ARE THE SAME; each is influenced by an infinity of variables. The Champaign hall is open and spacious, Dallas' Moody Auditorium low-ceilinged and dense; the Arizona State Coliseum is a scarred old rodeo palace. On B. B. King night the mood is subtly spiritual; Tina Turner nights are unmistakably musky. One concert influences the next. Tired, rested, stoned, unstoned, grooving or edgy, the Stones themselves are never the same. Among other things, the Stones are Englishmen in America; they think the cars, papers, TV, freeways, clothes, slang, and even airport shops filled with the products of a thousand "fad merchandisers," are all far out and fascinating. Dallas, Alabama, Chicago—they get a buzz from just being in such exotic, storied places, and it all comes out in the music.

On the way to Fort Collins, Mick and Keith set the basic format, scribbling the names of 14 tunes (out of 30 rehearsed) on airplane stationery. "Jumping Jack" to open, then Chuck Berry's "Carol" from their first record, "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Stray Cat Blues"—all uptempo rockers. Then Mick and Keith alone on two slow blues, "Prodigal Son" and "You Gotta Move," then the moving "Love In Vain" from their new album with the whole band. A little pick-up with "Under My Thumb" and "I'm Free," then the showpiece, "Midnight Rambler," followed by another Berry tune, "Little Queenie," to open a string of their biggest hits, each building on the one before: "Satisfaction," "Honky Tonk Women" and "Street Fighting Man." Nicely balanced between old and new, fast and slow, the show has a solid dramatic form—strong opening, introspective middle, then out to a one-two-three finale.

They never stop changing the order and balance. "Love in Vain" moves forward to the spot before "Prodigal" so they can come out of the blues straight into "Thumb." That is some-

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times replaced with "Gimme Shelter." "I'm Free" is dropped after Oakland, and they start doing "Live with Me." Mick fiddles with his costume, too; sometimes in white, he most often wears black pants with silver buttons from waist to heel, a long crimson scarf, a studded belt and a black T-shirt with the upside-down U glyph of Leo, his sun sign. The format changes less than any other aspect of the concerts. "If we keep the same tunes," explains Keith, "we can improvise within them rather than stumbling rigidly through new ones all the time."

Did you hear about the Midnight Rambler,
Well, honey, it's no rock 'n' roll show,
I'm talking about the Midnight Gambler,
The one you never seen befo'.

MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

THE CONCERTS ALWAYS IMPROVE. But there are down nights. In Auburn, Chuck Berry refuses to get off the stage doing his night club routine on "Ding a Ling," and the hall is full of Southern fraternity gentlemen and their ladies. The Stones concert is a prestige date: Friday night the Stones, then drive to Athens Saturday to see the Auburn Tigers play the Georgia Bulldogs. They sit there in their Ivy League suits and permanent waves, still trying to catch up with 1959. Maybe high school kids would have a better time, but they're all watching their own night football games. All over America kids are learning they can be teenagers at 35, but the Auburn crowd is a comfortable 35 at 21. When the second show closes at two a.m., student entertainment director Jette Campbell announces, "The Dean of Women Students has said all girls have 'when over' permission, so don't worry about being late." It gets the biggest applause of the night.

But no, I cannot describe the shows for you, nor tell you what fun they were, nor explain the breathtaking symmetry of Chip Monck's blue spotlights cutting ice-like down through the smoky air to end in golden sparkles on Charley's cymbals in the pool of red-green light that is the stage. What *is* that rush that inevitably comes as Bill Wyman's bass makes its guttural run to open "Live with Me" and Mick picks it up with those masterfully slimy lines, "Well, I got real nasty habits, yeah, an' I take my tea at three." Or the kaleidoscopic flash of memories of times and dances and girls when they get to "Little Queenie"—"She's too cute to be a minute over 17." Every night, sometimes with "Jumping Jack's" first note, sometimes not until Keith steps forward to do his solo on "Sympathy," Stanley Booth (a remarkable lunatic from Memphis) and I share a look of bewildered joy, know we are both *insane* Rolling Stones fans, and then whoop with the jolts of pleasure they give us.

They are a *band*, the Rolling Stones, five young men working together to make that precious, precious thing that is rock 'n' roll music—no "type" of rock, just rock 'n' roll, period. Keith, their master musician and leader of the band, looks strikingly like Isak Dinesen in her old age. The resemblance is more than skin deep. Every night he plays his lean and keening lines, and beneath their harshness there suddenly appears a dedication to the classic elements of music—form, clarity and grace—so intense that his wasted face, pathetic skinniness and utter carelessness for his body will never be a mystery again. He sits to play "You Gotta Move," and his hands bring from the battered steel guitar a lyric twinging sadness and crushingly fateful chords. As Charley keeps a muffled beat behind them, Mick sings the ancient Negro words—

You may be high, you may be low,
You may be rich, chile, you may be po',
But when the Lord gets ready,
You gotta move.
You see that woman, she walks the street,
You see the police on his beat,
Now when the Lord gets ready,
You gotta move.

and you know that they know exactly what it means. Arrogant they may be, but their absolute knowledge of that rock-bottom blues truth gives them full right to a cynical disdain for those who haven't dared to learn it.

Interviewers ask Mick Taylor if it feels strange to replace Brian Jones, and he never knows what to say. Of course it is strange, and Mick, with his shy and friendly face, has not replaced him. But only those who ask care. His playing gets stronger. On "Sympathy" and "Love in Vain" he shares solo spots with Keith, and by Champaign we are all listening to what he has to say—a music quieter and less sure of itself than Keith's, but fresher, more open and searching. The spontaneous applause that greets his work is full welcome to the group.

Bill and Charley—the rhythm section. Not very fancy, almost dull. Bill stands there like a gargoyle, his eyes blank and his fingers barely seeming to move over his baby blue Fender, one of the cheapest basses you can buy. Charley keeps the beat and does his job as if he were a musician they had hired for the night. And yet you can't *listen* to the Stones without moving, without succumbing to their dark and merciless drive. Thank Bill and Charley for that savage inescapable pounding that grounds each song to a dynamo.

"I'm free to sing my song, even though it's out of tune"—Mick Jagger wrote those words as a 20-year-old boy, and prancing and nancing up there in the middle of his starburst, he lives them. Leo is the lion's sign, the sign of the full golden sun of summer, or radiant self-love, and Mick is Leo incarnate. Dancer and singer, he does not interpret his songs bodily like James Brown, but moves in independent counterpoint. He ducks, leaps and almost falls; stamps his foot, then suddenly is still; bends out over the edge of the stage or walks petulantly away and gulps beer with his back to the crowd. He can flirt, scorn, mock and beseech, changing mood and aspect with a dazzling and magical speed. At times he seems less himself than his archetype, the beautiful young man—Narcissus, Patroclus, David, Romeo—that ideal creature of myth beloved by all generations of men and women. Just barely graceful, erotic more than sexy, and only now becoming truly handsome, he is *free*. It seems the only word ("He does anything he wants," someone behind me murmurs in Dallas as we watch, transfixed): free as a bird, free form, free time and fancy free. Free to sing his song, any old time.

Then all together—the combination of the sight and sound is mind-boggling. There is in the show some reference to all the arts, painting and sculpture as well as dance and drama. Mick and Keith, Keith and Charley, Bill and Charley, Keith and Mick Taylor; the empathetic intricacy of their relationships as they bend to one another, listen, suggest, take com-

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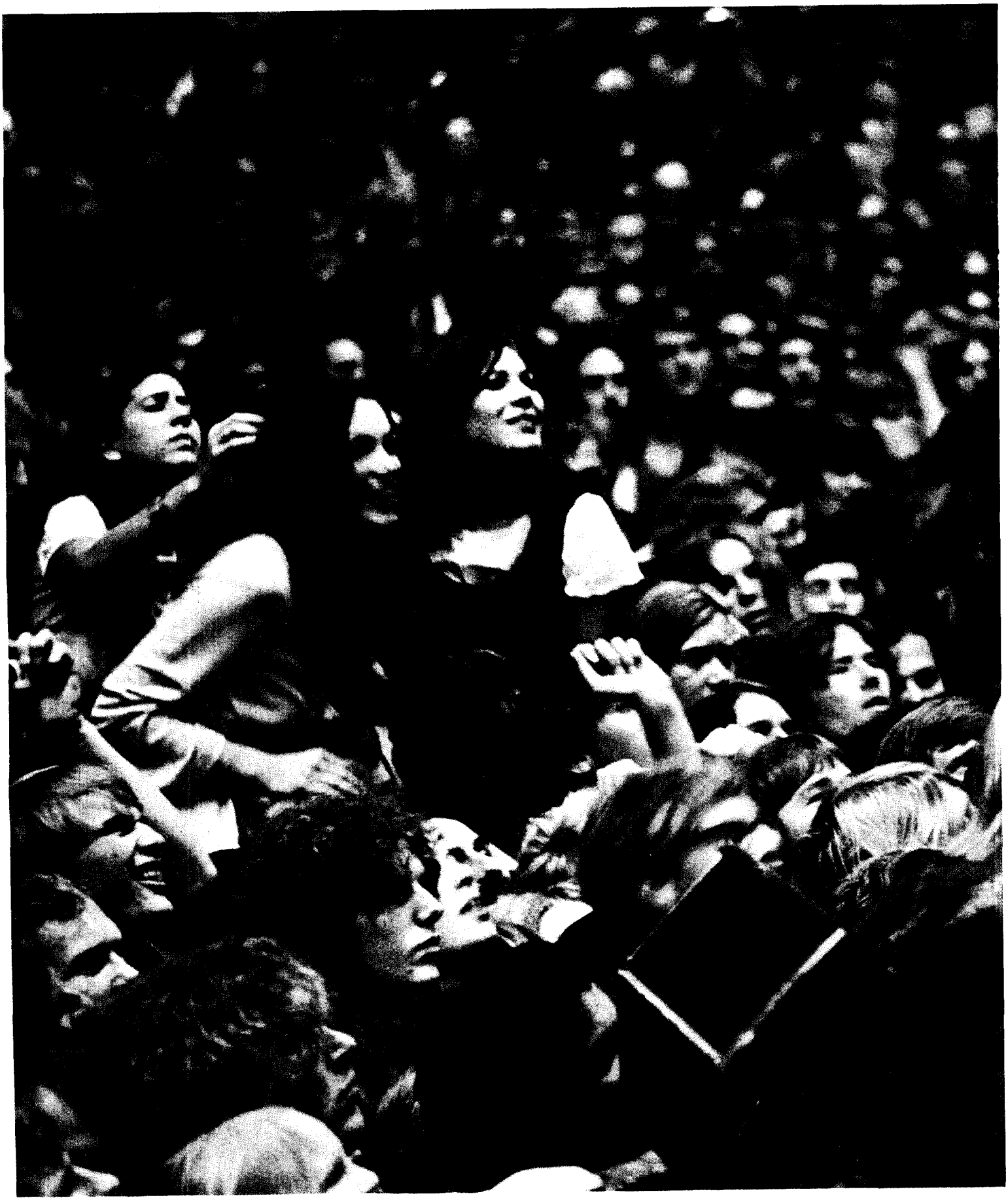

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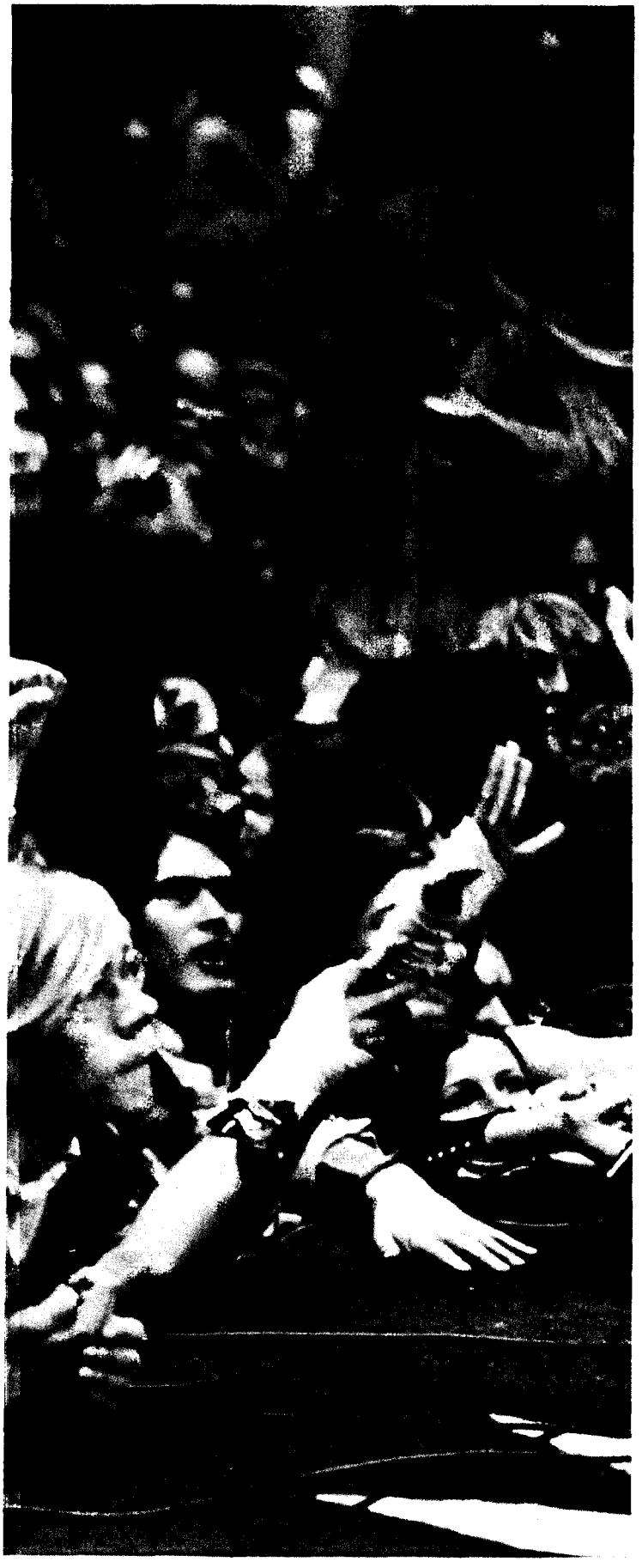

mand, retreat, form, re-form; and all the time the lights are changing, and the terribly familiar songs are turning up new lines, new associations, until one can only bathe unreflectingly in it all.

And the Stones, of course, are but half the concert. The kids, 10,400 at Fort Collins, 36,000 in LA, 19,318 in Oakland, 21,000 in Chicago—thousands and thousands and thousands of kids—are the other half, and are they ever fine! Of all the concert variables they are the most important. Nothing can happen without them, but with them, when they start to smile and shake, to stand and shout, to forget why they came and how they got there and what they were planning to do the next day, to forget everything but being *right there*, then everything happens, and it's no longer a concert, but a wild high-time happiness that everyone shares.

There's a million theories about rock 'n' roll, what it is and means, but what's most obvious is most overlooked: it's music. Plain old music; rhythm, melody and harmony; mathematical relationships of frequencies and time intervals; those pleasing combinations of vibrations which some philosophers declare to be the ultimate mystery and reality of the universe. And these kids, ordinary American kids we all know and recognize, are true music lovers. They just love it, that's all; spend vast sums on it, listen to hours of it, think about it incessantly, find their heroes among its makers, date their lives by it and, in geometrically increasing numbers, make it themselves. When I was in school, musical kids were the sissies, and we read in social studies that Italy was a musical country. What is going on here anyway? The Holy Rollers used to be a minority sect.

In Phoenix three girls are sitting in the front row, obviously friends who came together: a pretty girlish blonde, a rather plain brunette with glasses and a cool beauty-queen type who smokes her cigarettes in a holder. No dates. At first they are reserved and stiff, trying to look their best—do they have fantasies that maybe *He* will notice them? They smoke a lot. The blonde starts to smile during "Carol"; the brunette blushes when Mick puts the microphone between his thighs on "Sympathy." She recovers during the blues, but the beauty-queen's jaw sags open the tiniest bit. Her tongue flickers out during "Under My Thumb" and she drops her holder. She doesn't pick it up. By this time the blonde's neatly coiled hair has somehow come undone on one side and, never taking her eyes off the stage, she vainly pecks at it with one hand. "Midnight Rambler" is too much for all of them. In its moment of eerie silence they watch as Mick slips off his belt and falls to his knees. He raises it above his head.

Well, now, you've heard about the Boston . . .

Bam! The belt comes down as the band hits a monster chord. The blonde almost falls back over her seat, the brunette covers her breasts and the beauty-queen goes limp. Mick hisses.

Honey, he ain't one of those!

They're hooked. No more cigarettes. The brunette's glasses have disappeared, and when the lights go on, they're on their feet. Tears start in the blonde's eyes. The stage rush begins, and a big hulking kid leaps over three rows, aiming for a gap beside the beauty-queen. He doesn't make it and hits her heavily on the shoulder. She doesn't feel a thing, and her body rolls with the unexpected blow as if she were water. I lose them in the crowd; my last glimpse is the brunette, her hands above her head, palms up and fingers spread wide, her mouth wide

Photograph by Jim Marshall

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open, singing, "No satisfaction, baby, no satisfaction," and she is beautiful now, transformed, her eyes bright as a bride's, her hair swinging loose around her shoulders.

Faces pop out of the crowd, eyes suddenly make contact, and for a few seconds, kids who may be 20 rows apart and total strangers, smile, wave and dance together. Kids with beards, kids with mustaches; 12-year-olds with their parents, 13-year-old runaways; kids stoned on acid, kids who've never touched a joint; unimaginable freaks and student body presidents. In the top balconies where the Stones are barely visible but the music still bell-clear, kids dance in the aisles behind their seats as if the concert were just the best sock-hop ball in the world. There are no bad dancers; the straightest-looking kids move with awesome grace, picking up on the songs at whatever level they dig best and working it on out. Some kids look scared, afraid to show what they feel, and they watch it all happen, holding their jackets and handbags tight in damp hands. But they're not having a *bad* time, and who knows what they'll do at the next concert?

They seem the children of some miracle. I have, I suppose, no real knowledge of who they are and what they'll become. What it *means* I could never say. Maybe it is as illusory as music itself, some hypnotic trick, an evening's diversion, but I do know that while I am dancing too, and singing along with "Satisfaction" until my lungs are bursting, I feel a kinship with these kids, my brothers and sisters, as profound and happy as any I have ever known . . .

We're gonna find some satisfaction,
Gonna get us a little satisfaction,
Gonna find some,
Gonna get some,
Some satisfaction,
Some satisfaction,
Satisfaction,
Satisfaction baby,
Some satisfaction.

Dearest Mick I, Mick II, Keith, Charley, and Bill,

Welcome back to America and Chicago. It's been a long time since I saw you last. Never in my life have I ever missed your concerts. Even if you gave two shows I would spend the whole day with you and enjoy every heart breaking minute.

I'm very sorry to hear about Brian. I'm a Roman Catholic and I gave Brian two spiritual bouquets. Masses are being said for Jones in America now. One bouquet in Chicago and one in Michigan, I promise that as soon as I feel I have the money I will give you all a bouquet. There are Masses also for the living. At different times I will be sending you Mass cards c/o your fan club c/o Jo Bergman. I want to help you people. I'm so worried about you and I luv you so much.

I do hope you enjoy my cookies that I made for you. They all were made each with luving care my dears. If I get my gift and letter thru would you if you can give me some acknowledgement that you received my letter etc. all in one piece? I still have your last letter that I got from you in 1965. I got it on May 11 and you had a concert May 10 I think Mother's Day. That concert was really great. I luv all of your concerts very much. Your records are the greatest. They make me feel good all over whenever I play them, but lately I feel a little sad.

Anyway would it be possible if you could send a heart-broken, lonely girl 21 yrs old fan a word of encouragement, and acknowledgement of my gift. Thank you.

I can't sleep tonight. It's now almost 12:45 a.m. I wish somebody with real strong hands would rub my back real hard and good. I've been having back aches now for about two weeks straight. They hurt like anything. Oh well, I wish I were real tired to, but I'm not.

Well better go. Take care and may Our Lord always watch over you and protect you especially while you're touring and crossing the ocean going from country to country. Do be good Stones and let me hear from you. I'm so *lonely.*

All My Luv. Always My Dears,
(Signed)

(A letter attached to a plate of cookies given the Stones in Chicago. The Stones neither saw the letter nor had any of the cookies.)

ABBIE HOFFMAN IS AT the Chicago concert (along with the most and loudest-screaming girls of any show). He didn't have a ticket but an usher who recognized his face and curly hair let him in to the $7.50 section right up front. He had been trying to reach the Stones for days, even calling up the Ambassador West and pretending to be Elvis ("Yassuh, I jes' wanned to see how Mick an' the boys were doin' "). He sends a note to the Stones from his seat; it gets through. Mick wants to see him too, and they get together in the dressing room for a few minutes before show time.

Mick is dressing and brushing his hair; both are a little awkward. They compliment each other on what they've been doing. "Your thing is sex, mine's violence," says Abbie, and they both crack up. Abbie asks if he knows that they are playing at the site of the 1968 Democratic convention. "Sure I know," says Mick.

"Anita and I just came from the Washington Moratorium," says Abbie. "Great. There was Mitch Miller, or maybe it was Pete Seeger, leading the crowd in 'Give Peace a Chance.' "

"Why not," says Mick.

"I'll give peace a chance," says Abbie laughing, "one more chance."

A joint comes by and they have a few tokes. Abbie wanders over to Ronnie, who is reading contracts.

"Hey, man, you the cat to see about money?"

Ronnie looks up guardedly at this freak in the inner sanctum.

"See, we could use some bread for our trial, you know, the Chicago 8. I promise I'll pay you back right after it's over."

"No," says Ronnie with utter unconcern. Abbie goes back to Jagger.

"Could you lend us some money for our trial? It's expensive making the revolution."

"We got our own trials," says Mick. He slips on his deerskin moccasins. Abbie is left hanging. None of the other Stones seem to know or care who he is. Mick Taylor asks him for a match.

"Bunch of cultural nationalists," he says good-humoredly as he goes out the door. After the concert he says he's not sure how the Stones fit into the revolution, but "Mick Jagger sure is something else on stage." In a speech a few weeks later he calls him "our Myra Breckinridge."

With Chicago down and the tour more than half done, the Stones fly back to Los Angeles for a week's break. The first day back is for taping the Ed Sullivan show. "We wanted to

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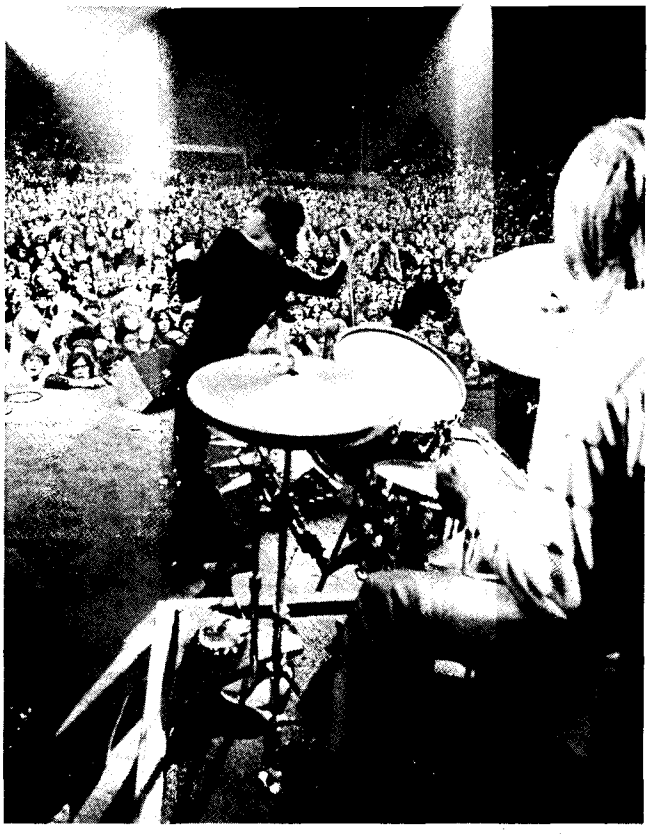

do Sullivan, not one of the new shows, 'cause there's nothing more far out than the Ed Sullivan Show," says Keith. "It's so old it's funky." Like Ed himself, whom all the technicians in CBS's huge Hollywood studio call "Dad." The taping should be a bore—the band standing in place faking it to a record while Mick sings a new vocal track—but Dad saves the day.

Between numbers he is supposed to walk up to Mick, say a few words, and then retire while they begin the next tune. Out he lumbers as they finish "Gimme Shelter."

"That was great, Mick, glad to have you back on the show. What are you going to sing now?"

"We're going to . . ."

But Ed, in suit, shirt, and tie of television blue, is so precisely what he has always been and always will be, that Mick starts to laugh. Keith howls and runs to hide behind the silver foil set. The audience titters.

"Cut," someone cries, and they try again. Ed says exactly the same words with exactly the same inflection, and this time everyone laughs.

"Maybe we ought to do it without you saying anything," Mick suggests, trying to be both practical and kind. That's okay with Ed. Third try. But Ed forgets not to say anything and again delivers his immortal lines. The place erupts with laughter. Fourth time gets it, and the Stones disappear for a week of rest far from the madding crowd and public eye.

Cathy: Two years ago my girl friend Mary and I were married and living in Ojai. It was okay, but boring, and all we ever thought about was Mick Jagger. We loved him a lot more than our husbands. So one day we decided: we'll split, get divorces, and move down to the Strip. It was great, you know, hanging around the clubs. We got to know a lot of groups but never forgot Mick. So imagine how we felt in the Whisky one night when this guy said he was Sam Cutler and asked if we'd like to be with the Stones when they were in LA, and drive 'em around and stuff.

It was Sam who picked me up, and I felt loyal to him, but when we were up at Mick's house the first night—well, I'm only human. We were all sitting around, and Mick said he was going to bed. I was really disappointed. But he came down again and started pouring perfume on me, and sort of whispered, "Will you come up with me, then." I almost died, but I managed to say, "Only if my friend Mary can come too." We had been together through two years, and had made a pact not to leave the other out. He said okay.

It was *funny*, man. I could hardly get it on, I was laughing so hard, but know what was funniest. For two years I had been thinking with every guy, "He's great, but he's not Mick Jagger." And then with Mick, all I could think was, "He's great, but he's not Mick Jagger."

He has to work at being Mick Jagger, you know? Some mornings he wakes up and says, "I feel so fragile this morning, Cathy, be gentle," and I think, "This is the Mick I idolized?" But now I know he's a person I love him more.

Anyway I'm having the time of my life. I mean it.

A black lady cab-driver takes me in from the airport to the Detroit concert, the first after the break, and tells me she thinks it's great, all these kids getting together for music. "It was the same when I was that age," she says. "I'd save up all my pennies, sneak out of the house if I had to, to hear Charley Barnett. You might think he's square, but back then it was the greatest. The way I look at it is, it's all jumpin' music, and ain't nobody ever gonna stop kids from lovin' jumpin' music."

In Motor City it is jumping music indeed. The Stones play better than ever, and the kids are dynamite. Some places the kids seem to be imitating San Francisco, New York, or LA, but in Detroit they have a funky independence: unwashed, tough, but cheery. Crazy-leaping before the stage, they're laughing at the Stones because that night it seems so *funny*, and the Stones dig them back, spreading out the songs, adding choruses and building finales until it looks like they might just play all night.

But no; run off, roar out and into a tiny plane that drones us across a bed of moonlit clouds to New York. Bill and Astrid fall alseep, Charley and Mick Taylor stare calmly out the windows, and Mick, Keith and Ronnie play poker on a drum case. Dozens of joints make their mellow rounds, and conversation drops to the chatter from the card game.

Keith plays, Mick plays to win, and Ronnie plays to win money, but they are three close friends, and no one really cares. Ronnie makes like a hot-time dealer ("Pair of deuces on my left, possible straight on the right, and not a thing in my hand, bet up gentlemen"). Mick and Keith play back like titled English ladies at *fin de siècle* Monte, broken by fortune but haughty to the end.

"I'll stake my carriage," says Keith, adjusting an imaginary stole.

"My horses and one chambermaid on this turn of cards, sirrah," says Mick.

"Are you kidding me?" says Ronnie. His wad of bills is held neatly in his hand; Mick's and Keith's are crumpled heaps before them. "Okay, I'll throw in my mother and my uncle."

"And no children?" says Lady Keith, horrified.

"Sure, my kid too," says Ronnie, "Another card, ladies."

It goes on like that until the clouds melt away. The lights of Manhattan are bright beneath us. The plane floats into the

Photograph by Ethan Russell

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LaGuardia Marine Terminal and the droning stops. In the sudden silence we straggle across the wet, black macadam. It's about four a.m. Our only greeters are the limousine drivers shivering in the cold. The Cadillacs purr through Queens, over the bridge and on, through streets now oyster grey, to the Plaza. On little cat feet, as it were, the Rolling Stones arrive in New York.

An elegant New York groupie—a veritable Madame Pompadour at the high court of the counter culture—arranges an intimate party for the Stones in a Village apartment. By invitation only, and there are only 35 invitations. It's very late and very stoned. The guests, all young, all long-haired, sit or stand around the edges of the room, silent and nearly motionless, ultra-cool and ultra-awkward. No one knows what to say, for over there in a little group are the two Micks and Keith. A blues record is on, and they're chatting about it softly among themselves. When they get too tired, they leave. It's the only real party the Stones attend in New York, and when the gossip mills get rolling the next afternoon as the in-crowd awakes, it's considered high points to have been there.

NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES are as different on tour as they are at any time. Gone is the open, lazy feeling of the Coast; the four-walls feeling of hotel life replaces it. The idea of the Plaza is a gas, but as daily fact it is just another hotel. Bizarrely expensive, the Plaza stops its room service at one a.m. (lunch time for this crew), and the service is slower than the slowest "Squaliday Inn." A sandwich and a beer is an hour wait, an elevator five minutes, and a phone call to another room a succession of "One moment, please's." The cast again adds extras: cops, drivers, reporters, petitioners of every sort, buddies of John Jaymes, and then buddies of buddies.

Suite 969, the Plaza, afternoon. Ronnie, tie off, feet up, is on the phone. "What about overage in Illinois? Yeah, Champaign? . . . Whaddya mean, late? We closed the show on time, didn't we? . . . I don't care what the man said. *I* said, not him." A shirtless John Jaymes, his chest, back and enormous belly covered with hair, is on another line. "Yeah, I know a lotta people were promised interviews. Pope Paul, he was promised an interview, but he can't make it. Sorry, man, no show."

Four beefy security men, Italian friends of John's from the Bronx, sit around a table playing poker. In the bedroom Cecil Beaton paces about as an assistant snaps pictures of Mick. Beaton's silvered voice drifts out into the sitting room: "Great . . . great . . . excellent, marvelous . . . great . . . lower and spin . . . great . . . yes, oh, yes . . . great." A Daily News reporter waits patiently for the interview he is never going to get. A pretty young model named Barbara, soon to take John's body-painting kit on a nation-wide tour ("my big break"), plays solitaire. Jo's on another phone to London but stops to rummage through her bag when Sam dashes in to borrow her hair dryer for Mick Taylor. "I want it back this time," says Jo.

"Sure, luv," says Sam, "and do you have any perfume for Keith?"

"What kind does he like?"

"*Joy*," says Sam. "He puts it in his bleeding armpits."

Mike Quatro, the pint-sized 23-year-old Detroit promoter, kibbitzes the card game. A child prodigy piano player on Lawrence Welk, he's got a house in Grosse Pointe Farms from the proceeds of his rock 'n' roll agency-promotion firms. He's in management too, his biggest act being the Hedonists, an all-girl group made up of his four older sisters. He's come to New York hoping to make future deals with Ronnie, deals that might affect his plans for doing some "Woodstock-type" festivals next summer. Ronnie gets off the phone, and Mike slides over to him. "How about talking business, Ronnie?"

"Sure, kid, but listen, Mike, will you call room service again for those goddam sandwiches."

"Sure thing," says Mike, leaping to the phone.

Around this crowded center is the New York "scene," which, from its own center at Max's Kansas City, plots incessantly on how either to infiltrate the Stones' center or at least to find out "what's happening." Max's hears that there are code names used to reach the Stones' rooms; that this super-groupie or that super-groupie has or has not made it to Mick or Keith; that Charley is sick; that if Jimi Hendrix decides to go to X's party, Bill Wyman will probably be there too; and that perhaps, hope of hopes, the Stones will come to Max's itself.

The scenesters (a New Yorker once called them "the young elite of the communications industry") finally get their chance to see their heroes at the obligatory press conference held in the Rockefeller Center's Rainbow Room, 65 stories above the ground. At no concert has there been such hysteria. Photographers and TV crews and reporters with tape machines press forward to the microphone-loaded table with a loud-mouthed aggression that the Kodak-wielding kids in Dallas or Chicago would have found appalling. Young "rock writers," "company freaks" and scene-makers who have been ringing PR lady Doreen for days to get there, sip their drinks and tell their friends that it's such a bore. The Stones file in to a blinding splatter of flashbulb explosions. Everyone cries for everyone else to sit down. All stay standing.

Sam introduces the Stones by name.

"Can we have that again?" shouts a TV man.

"Down in front!"

"Shut up willya so we can hear."

Keith: "Should we scream at you like you scream at us?"

Silence. There are no questions.

Mick: "We're just sitting here, man, *you* gotta do it."

An interminable statement-question on marijuana legalization and on violence. Mick says something like "we gotta stop the fight between young people and their . . . " before he's cut off. What about the USA?

Mick: ". . . it just explodes all the time, it's great, you look more beautiful than ever over here."

You wrote "Satisfaction"; are you more satisfied now?

Mick: ". . . sexually satisfied, financially unsatisfied, philosophically still trying . . ."

Keith: "Wiser, wiser."

Sadder?

Keith: "No, of course not."

What about John Lennon giving back his MBE?

Keith: "At last! He should never have taken it. We don't care, we'll never get one."

Hey, Mick, you were wearing an omega button in LA. It stands for draft resistance. How do you feel about that?

Mick: "Draft resistance? I thought it stood for infinity."

What about being philosopher king?

Mick: "I withdraw from the role, it's a banality."

Bill and Charley are asked no questions and say nothing.

Photograph by Jim Marshall

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Mick Taylor is asked about taking Brian's place. He smiles back at the questioner, then looks away.

"That's it," says Sam.

Mick: "Thank you, New York."

The consensus on the packed elevators is that it was a freak show, but then everyone knew it would be, and knew they should have stayed home.

New York is disappointed. It had wanted the Stones to be the Stones of the days when the pop demi-monde was taking over the columns from the cafe society which had run itself down twisting at the Peppermint Lounge; when Andy and Baby Jane and pill parties on the Lower East Side were the action. But this Thanksgiving weekend Max's is full of PR men, not painters, and the Stones are five young men who have been away from home for a month and a half, and who want to see friends and family, not new streams of strangers, however glamorous.

Charley and Keith call home to London every day, and when one girl gets to Keith's room, he offers her tea and shows her baby pictures. Mick Taylor just wishes he could find a few hours to walk about the city and shop. Bill and Astrid do go downtown to see a strip show ("I'd never seen one," says Astrid, "and, oh, but she was fat!"), and Charley slips off to Slugs to hear the Tony Williams Lifetime, but otherwise it's sleep and work. Jo gets them together to discuss what concerts and TV dates to do when they return to England, Mick calls Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic Records to ask permission to use their studios in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and Keith never stops writing songs.

They are *doing* the tour now, still as brilliantly as ever, but there are no more surprises; Philadelphia, Baltimore, three shows at the Garden, and then Boston—the concerts are now a perfect machine. The record they were finishing in Los Angeles, "Let It Bleed" (after the Beatles song "Let it Be"), is a smash hit, and the crowds cheer the new tunes as much as they do the old.

In Philly I see a dozen kids charge one door, knock down the elderly ticket-taker, and scatter into the crowd. An SDS pack in Beantown's ancient Boston Garden rips down the American flag and then is trapped and beaten by quick-moving police. John Jaymes sprains his wrist when he tries to bash one of the kids and hits a wall instead.

Madison Square Garden is dotted with semi-celebrities: an aging Murray the K, promoter of the Stones' first American concert ("they were scared little boys back in '64"), a tipsy Janis Joplin who joins Tina Turner for a brief but ecstatic moment that brings the house down, and a subdued Jimi Hendrix who jams with Keith in the dressing room. Leonard Cohen, Woody Allen, Viva and the Jefferson Airplane all come to see what it is all about. They record the Garden shows, Glyn Johns hunched over a Wally Heider 16-track machine in a Hertz truck backstage. Glyn wants a double album of everybody—Terry Reid, B. B., and Ike and Tina—if they can get contract releases. Mick doesn't like the idea. "Double albums are so pompous; Dylan's is the only one I could ever stand." Bob Dylan, though, doesn't come to the Garden. "He doesn't do this kind of thing anymore," says a friend. "He's a family man, doesn't want to be a star making a fuss."

The tour is coming to an end. After Baltimore, Ronnie starts a countdown. Leaving Boston Garden, he shouts, "Only one more to go!"

"I don't believe it," says Charley, "they really want us to go home, Ronnie and John do. It was fun at first, then work, now a bloody drag to have us around."

"That's right," says Ronnie, "Go home, you little limey."

"I will," says Charley, "will do."

AT THREE A.M. A SEEMINGLY endless and disorderly stream of very drunk young men and women of New York society comes flowing through the lobby of the Plaza. They've been at a ball at which 12 of their kind have come out from nowhere into what their mothers must consider Somewhere. The boys are in white tie and tails or modish varieties of evening dress, the girls in awesomely beautiful formal gowns. Few of them are out of their teens. One tries to slide down a brass stair railing. When he falls off, his mates cheer him with loud hip, hip, hooray's. Five boys stagger along, their arms around each other's shoulders, trying to recall, then sing, that World War I song about "Rinky dinky parley voo." An astonishing vision: children of the '50's consciously acting out, on the cusp of the '70's, a perfect imitation of the '20's.

In walk the Rolling Stones et al, tired and disheveled from a hard night's work in Boston. Our stream passes theirs; the Stones take no notice, but a few of the Golden Youth stop and stare.

"Well, what do you know, the Rolling Stones!"

"In the Plaza? Ha, ha, ha."

"You're Mick, aren't you, 'Satisfaction' and all?"

To some the Stones are just a bunch of hippies who have inexplicably swum into view, and a few V signs are flashed.

I stop to watch, and a pretty girl named Connie smiles and gives me a flower from her bouquet—is that etiquette when confronted by a long-hair? Two of her friends—Lyle, in a floppy blue velvet bow-tie, and a dark Harvard freshman—stop, and we all talk for a few minutes.

The three apologize profusely for having been at the party, but point out that it really is high society. "The nitty-gritty," says Lyle. Yes, they say, it's a bore, but amusing. The joints and the amyl nitrite poppers at the party were almost as plentiful as the champagne, they say, and some kids were even sniffing spoons of cocaine. Connie: "It's expensive, but *so* groovy if you can afford it"—which I am sure she can. Does she know that low class rock 'n' rollers like Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan have written songs to her?

"Oh, yes," she says, " 'Playing with Fire' is my favorite Stones song, and 'Just Like A Woman' my Dylan favorite. You know the line in it, 'her fog, her amphetamine, and her pearls'? Every time I hear it, I think, yeah, that's me. It feels pretty weird, I'll tell you."

. . . We're gonna vent our frustration,
If we don't, we're gonna blow a 50-amp fuse.
MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

THE LAST DAY OF THE TOUR is a wintry grey day in New York. We clear out of the Plaza and drive to the Marine Terminal to leave as we arrived. But we are late for the chartered plane to West Palm Beach, and so, we are told, must wait for new take-off clearance. We wait. One hour goes by, then two. John and Ronnie dash angrily back and forth between plane and terminal. First they report

Photographs by Ethan Russell

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engine trouble. Then a snow flurry, then President Nixon landing in Air Force One. Four hours, five hours.

After three hours all diversions have been used up. Charley wakes up to find the plane unmoved. Bill Wyman quits his card game with Al the security man and tries to sleep. Mick and Keith have run through all their tape cassettes. The Sunday paper is scattered all over the plane, and no one has missed skimming a month-old Sports Illustrated. There is nothing new to bitch about. They had planned to play at sundown, and it's already dark. Keith goes to sleep. We munch sandwiches, drink beer, and chat. I tell Mick about Connie and her favorite songs. "We make music to please all kinds," he says. "One of those kids said to me, 'You want to go to a debutante party,' and I said to him, 'There are no *real* debutantes in America.' "

Somehow a few of us start on politics, and for an hour carry on with the normal sound and fury. Bill goes back to his cards; Mick Taylor never joins in. Like all such conversations, it is filled with unreal rhetoric and impossible hopes. We go round in circles, all wanting some indefinable "more" and having no idea how to find it. Sam's the organization man; it should be possible, he says, to get enough people together to seize a section of London.

"But what'll you do with it when you've got it?" asks Charley.

"Just run it the way *we* want to run it," says Sam, "whatever comes of it. We can't do worse than the bastards in power now."

"I think we should too," says Mick, "but in England you never will. Nobody's interested. In America there is at least a sense of change, people willing to try things, but England's dead."

"What do you want to knock off the old thing for when you've got nothing to take its place?" says Charley.

"I'd put *nothing* in its place," Mick shouts, "just subvert it, do away with it because it's irrelevant and should be wiped out. But in England people *like* the system. With our so-called socialism, you couldn't believe the rules we've got, and people obey them just like they did the aristocracy. I wish things were *more* capitalistic, and less restrained."

"I don't know," says Charley, by now the only quiet voice, "I like my house and horses and land."

"You're nothing but a bleeding liberal, joining all the Preservation societies," says Sam.

"Another Cockney turned English gentleman," says Mick.

"I'll admit I'm materialistic," says Charley.

Sam corners Charley and runs down statistics on land use and population, and the conversation falls dead. "I'd do anything political I thought would work," Mick puts in as a parting shot, "that would really shake things, but I still haven't found anything as good as what I'm doing, or anybody to do it with."

By ten p.m.—almost eight hours late—we're off the ground, for some reason in another plane. Mick had almost decided to call it off. "We could send a helicopter down there with the money and drop it on the crowd." By one a.m. we land in Florida, and after a few helicopter rides and another long wait in a beachfront hotel, we get to the dragstrip and those cheering kids.

The Stones come on wrapped in jackets, but when Keith sees the crowd he strips his off in witness and plays in a skimpy shirt that leaves his stomach bare. He plays like a demon, fighting the cold that stiffens his fingers and de-tunes his guitar. The others, even Mick, look like they want to do a quick set and split, but Keith pushes them on. After "Sympathy," Mick apologizes for being late. "May we be forgiven?" he asks with a smirk. It's not good enough, and Keith cuts him off and starts "Stray Cat." Mick seems to get the message and steps forward to speak at the next break.

"We think it's really amazing to be here, you and us," he calls out, "because to get this all together after all the hassles and find you all here at four in the morning, is fantastic."

There's a small burst of cheers. Mick waves for silence. He is dead serious.

"You're all pretty special people, yes you are, and this moment is pretty special. It *matters* that you are here, but I guess you know it matters, because you stayed through the night, and you're here. We're all here."

For the first time since Oakland he calls for "I'm Free," and the kids are dancing as best they can. What lights there are go on the audience, and now, bathed in orange, they at least look warmer. Chip Monck, his long blond hair plastered down by intercom earphones, stops jumping to the music for a moment, and shouts a command into his mike. The spotlights on the high towers suddenly swing from the stage and swoop over the crowd, catching briefly, as if in deep blue pools, hundreds of happily shrieking kids.

The band builds to the finale which is now the finale of finales. It is almost a disaster. An amp blows out and is replaced. Mick Taylor breaks a string, Charley's hands are blue, and Mick keeps sniffling to clear his nose. Bill's bass is awesomely out of tune, and no one knows what the audience is hearing. But they drive on, Keith always taking the lead, and halfway through "Street Fighting Man," Chip, on some inspiration, calls again to the spotlight crews. The lights leave the crowd and turn to the sky, crossing and recrossing in triumphant arcs. Mick grabs the whole basket of rose petals and, not stopping for the normal handfuls, leans back and flings it as far as he can. Red petals are still falling as the last note dies away.

The helicopters take us back to the beach. In the east the sky is pink, and the night's clouds are disappearing to the west. The Stones walk to the water's edge and watch until streaks of crimson dart deep into the darkness, then, turning their backs, trudge to the hotel before the sun is fully risen. The chartered plane will take them to Muscle Shoals in a few hours and, forcing themselves to stay awake, they eat a desultory breakfast. John Jaymes comes over to the group of sofas and chairs where they are sprawled. He's carrying a 1970 Dodge catalogue and will, he says, take orders for whatever models they desire. It's all on Dodge and they can renew every year. They huddle excitedly to look at the catalogue, then give their orders as if John were a waitress in a hamburger joint. "I'll have mine silver, a hard-top," says Charley, "with the biggest engine and all the extras."

"And that includes air-conditioning, AM-FM radio and stereo tape deck," says John.

"Great," says Keith, "I'll have the same, but can I have lavender?"

John takes notes, makes a few suggestions, rechecks all the specifics, and walks away.

The Stones share a look that if not guilty is slightly furtive.

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Keith shrugs and laughs. Mick's eyes follow the wide sport-shirted back of his benefactor.

"Christ, I can't stand that man," he says with a condescending sneer.

I sung my song to Mr. Jitters,
Yeah,
And he said one word to me,
And that was "death."

MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

W. B. YEATS

They hit him . . . I couldn't tell whether it was a knife or not . . . but on the side of the head. And then . . . he came running towards me, and then fell down on his knees and then the Hell's Angel, the same one I was talking about, grabbed onto both of his shoulders and started kicking him in the face about five times or so, and then he fell down on his face, you know. . . . And then one of them kicked him on the side and he rolled over, and he muttered some words. He said, "I wasn't going to shoot you."

We rubbed his back up and down to get the blood off so we could see, and there was a big hole on his spine and a big hole on the side and there was a big hole on his temple. A big open slice. You could see all the way in. You could see inside. You could see at least an inch down and stuff, you know. . . . All of us were drenched in blood.

An eyewitness account of the stabbing of 18-year-old Meredith Hunter, killed by Hell's Angels as the Rolling Stones played "Sympathy for the Devil" at Altamont. (From *Rolling Stone* Magazine.)

IT ALL CAME DOWN AT ALTAMONT on that strange day. A cold sun alternated with bright clouds, and 300,000 young Americans stepped into the future (or was it?), looked at each other, and were frightened by what they saw. It was the biggest gathering in California (the population of San Francisco is 756,000) since the Human Be-In three years before, not only in numbers but in expectation. In common with all the voluntary mass events of the '60's—was the Sproul Hall sit-in the first?—it would, all believed, advance the trip, i.e., reveal some important lesson intrinsic to and yet beyond its physical fact. The 300,000, all in unspoken social contract, came not only to hear music, but to bear living testimony to their own lives.

The Stones as well as the audience—and whether such a distinction should or could be made was one of the day's questions—had wanted it to be in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, their gift to the city and its culture. As their long hair, outrageous manners, and music had helped make San Francisco possible, San Francisco had helped make the past three years possible. Like thousands before them, the Stones were coming to say thank you. They hoped it would be in all senses a free concert, an event spiritually outside the commercial realm of the tour. It both was and was not. Neither the tour's footnote nor quite its denouement, that long Saturday was the drama's second and enigmatic ending which proved all endings as false and hard to mark as beginnings.

When the Stones left for Muscle Shoals, first Sam, then Jo, Ronnie and John, flew to San Francisco. Sam was met at the plane by Rock Scully, a long-time manager of the Grateful Dead, and concert planning began at the Dead's office and communal ranch. The Dead, hosts of more free concerts than any other band, are still the best embodiment of the San Francisco spirit which in 1967 captured the imagination of the world. True if harried believers in the psychedelic revolution, the Dead promised full cooperation (which they never gave the ill-fated Wild West), and the concert seemed to be in good if freaky hands. On Tuesday no site had been secured; by Wednesday morning the director of the Sears Point Raceway promised his grounds free of charge. Chip and his crew, aided by the Dead's extended family, started moving tons of equipment to the drag strip north of San Francisco. Then came the problems.

An essential element of free concerts is simplicity. You want to hear music? Okay, do it! Get a place, a source of power, a few flatbed trucks or a stage, a few bands, spread the word, trust to God and have the thing. But this free concert was also a Stones concert, free or not, and everybody wanted a piece of the action. Hustlers of every stripe swarmed to the new scene like piranhas to the scent of blood.

The Sears Point man got cold feet or itchy palms or both and asked for $6000, plus $5000 to be held in escrow against possible damages. Costs mounted on a dozen fronts; fearful of huge losses, Ronnie decided on a film designed for a TV special to be made by the Maysle brothers, who had already been shooting the final stages of the tour. Any profits would go to charity—"as yet unspecified," said John. The actual owners of the raceway, a Hollywood-based company called Filmways Corp., heard about that and demanded film distribution rights as part of their fee. Ronnie refused, and Filmways, overriding their local management, responded by upping the fee to $100,000.

That was late Thursday. The San Francisco papers and radio stations were announcing Sears Point as the site, and a large volunteer vanguard had already encamped. That bizarrely colorful attorney, Melvin Belli, offered his help in the fight with Filmways; Ronnie accepted it. The Dead office was abandoned as the HQ, and was replaced by Belli's office in San Francisco's financial district, and by Ronnie's suites in the posh Huntington Hotel. Managers of local bands started calling to get their groups on the stage for the priceless exposure; the city's rival Top-40 stations, KFRC and KYA, started running hourly bulletins, each trying to be the unofficial "Stones Station." Underground KSAN-FM, which had had the best coverage early in the week, was slowly edged out. Communes of ordinary hippies offering their services were rebuffed. The radical community, suspicious from the start, started talking about the festival as "one more shuck."

By mid-morning Friday, Filmways was still adamant, but then got left when another track, this one a stock car oval called Altamont, offered its several hundred acres of rolling hills. Track director Dick Carter thought it would be "great publicity." The half-built stage at Sears Point was dismantled, and radio stations blasted the new directions with frantic assurances that, yes, the Stones concert was still on.

By late Friday afternoon the concert was the sole and obsessive topic of hip conversation, and Altamont a familiar name. KFRC had on-the-spot reporters on every spot worth being on, and KYA's dj's bemoaned the fact that "some

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stations are trying to turn something that should be free and groovy into a commercial event." Both stations carried hi-fi store ads for "all new stereo tape recorders so *you* can make the Stones concert more than a memory." The scores of equipment trucks got to Altamont, 15 miles east of Berkeley, by early Friday evening; a huge volunteer crew worked like ants under blue floodlights amid a growing tangle of wires, planking and staging. "No one will be allowed on the grounds until seven a.m. Saturday, so *stay home*," was the broadcast word, but by midnight there were traffic jams miles from the site. The Stones got to the Huntington by ten, exhausted. In Alabama they had heard only the confusing rumors, but were determined to go ahead. "We'll have it in a bloody parking lot if we have to," said Keith. He and Mick flew out to see Altamont. Mick went back to get some sleep; Keith stayed all night.

As the stage crew labored, a few thousand people who had missed the roadblocks slept before the stage or stood by campfires; other thousands waited behind a fence for official opening time. I wandered from fire to fire; place was immediately made for any stranger, and joints steadily circled the impromptu hearths. I made scores of friends I'll never see again.

One girl told me solemnly that it would be a heavy day "because the sun, Venus, Mercury and some other planet are all in Sagittarius, and the moon's on the Libra-Scorpio cusp." Another presented me with a grotesque doll made by her dead husband. "He lives in the doll; I know it," she said, nodding her head uncontrollably. "He sees everything." I said I was sorry. "Oh, that's okay; he was shot through the heart and lungs and the liver, but I really don't mind, 'cause he must have been meant to die, and anyway, I have the doll." Still nodding and smiling, she took it back and wrapped it in her shawl.

They came from everywhere. Two boys boasted that they had seen the Stones in LA, Chicago, Philly and Palm Beach without ever buying a seat; someone countered by saying he had been to 14 festivals plus Woodstock. A girl said she was from Akron, had run away to New Orleans, got an abortion in Houston, and had been on her way to Seattle ("I heard it's groovy there") when she met a dealer in Phoenix who took her to San Francisco, then split to avoid a bust. "It's all so far out," she said. Somebody with a phonograph played *Abbey Road* over and over. The spindly light towers grew tall, generators roared, helicopters clattered overhead, and as night became grey dawn, Altamont looked strikingly like the mad consummation of Fellini's *8-1/2*.

At seven a.m. the gates are opened. Over the hill and down into the hollow by the stage comes a whooping, running, raggle-taggle mob. From sleeping bags peer sleepy heads which duck back as the mob leaps over them and dashes between them. In minutes the meadow is a crush of bodies pressed so close that it takes ten minutes to walk 50 yards. Only the bravest blades of grass still peep up through the floor of wadded bedding. On and on comes the crowd; by ten it spreads a quarter mile back from the stage, fanning out like lichen clinging to a rock.

Rough beast, indeed; Yeats had it exactly:

> . . . *a vast image of* Spiritus Mundi
> *Troubles my sight: somewhere in the sands of the desert*
> *A shape with lion body and the head of man,*
> *A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,*
> *Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it*
> *Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.*

THERE ARE THE DANCING beaded girls, the Christ-like young men, and smiling babies familiar from countless stories on the "Love Generation," but the weirdos too, whose perverse and penetrating intensity no camera ever captures. Speed freaks with hollow eyes and missing teeth, dead-faced acid heads burned out by countless flashes, old beatniks clutching gallons of red wine, Hare Krishna chanters with shaved heads and acned cheeks. Two young men in filthy serapes and scraggly beards lean against a crushed and brightly painted derelict veteran of the Demolition Derby. In the brims of their cowboy hats are little white cards: "Acid $2." A shirtless black man stands in the center of a cheering circle. "I have in my hand," he barks, "one little purple tab of 100 per cent pure LSD. Who wants this cosmic jewel?" A dozen hands reach out eagerly. "Who really wants it?" "I do, I do, I want it, me, me, me." "Going, going, gone to that freaky chick with the blue bandana." He tosses it to her, and reaches again into his leather bag. "I have in my hand one cap of mescaline, guaranteed organic. . . ."

Two middle-aged men with pinched Okie faces set up a card table and hawk Rolling Stones programs left over from another tour. They've only sold a few when a milling crowd of radicals surrounds them. "It's free, man, nothing is sold today." "Better give the stuff away, man, or we'll rip it off in the name of the people." The men are frightened. A kid dashes up and grabs a handful of the glossy books. The table collapses. One man scoops the programs from the dirt, the other brandishes the table in wild-eyed defense. They retreat, walking backwards, as the brave guerrillas search for other targets.

Face by face, body by body, the crowd is recognizable, comprehensible. As ugly beautiful mass, it is bewilderingly unfamiliar—a timeless lake of humanity climbing together through the first swirling, buzzing, euphoric-demonic hours of acid. Is this Bosch or Cecil B. DeMille; biblical, medieval, or millenial? Are we lost or found? Are we *we*, and if we are, who are we?

Whoever or whatever, we are *here*, *all* here, and gripped by the ever-amazing intensity of psychedelics, we *know* that this being here is no accident but the inevitable and present realization of our whole lives until this moment. One third of a million post-war boom babies gathered in a Demolition Derby junkyard by a California freeway to get stoned and listen to rock 'n' roll—is that what it has all been about? And someone, thinking maybe to help feed us, brought a split-open crate of dirty, wilted cabbage heads. They got kicked around in the dust until they rolled under cars and were forgotten.

Some call us Woodstock West, but we are not. Woodstock was a three-day encampment at which cooperation was necessary for survival; it was an event only because it became an event. The Altamont crowd is *demanding* that an event come to pass, be delivered, in a single day; should it go bad—well, it'll be over by evening. And it's four months later, and it's California, where inevitably everything is that wee but significant bit less known, less sure, less safe. . . .

And more political; if concert isn't the right word for the day, festival isn't either. The week's maneuverings, still known only by rumor, have raised a hard edge of suspicion; the day's vibes include aggressive paranoid frequencies that demand

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self-justification. Some come in bitter mourning for two Chicago Black Panthers shot to death just days before; a concert without confrontation would be frivolous escapism for them. But it is more than the radicals; large segments of the crowd share a dangerous desire to tighten up that festival idea a few notches, to move to a new level—just how weird can you stand it, brother, before your love will crack?

It isn't that the morning is not a groove; it is, friendly enough and loose. But . . . but what? There is too much of something; is it the people, the dope, the tension? Maybe it is the *wanting*, the concentration, not just of flesh, but of unfulfilled desire, of hope for (or is it fear of) deliverance. "There must be some way out of here, said the joker to the thief; there's too much confusion, I can't get no relief." What is our oppression that in escaping it we so oppress ourselves? Have we jammed ourselves together on these sere hills miles from home hoping to find a way out of such masses? If that is our paradox, is Altamont our self-made trap? And yet . . . might we just be able, by acting out the paradox so intensely, to transcend it?

The Jefferson Airplane are on stage, knocking out "3/5's of a Mile in 9/10's of a Second" with a mad fury—

Do away with people blowing my mind,
Do away with people wasting my precious time;
Take me to a simple place
Where I can easily see my face . . .

That place is not Altamont—when suddenly all eyes rivet on an upraised pool cue. It is slashing downward, held by a mammoth Hell's Angel, and when it hits its unseen target there is a burst of water as if it had crushed a jellyfish. A wave of horror ripples madly across the crowd. The music stops and the stage is full of Angels in raunchy phalanx. The music starts, falters, stops. Thousands hold their breath and wave pathetic V signs. No one wants the Angels. A few scream, "Pigs, pigs." The odds against the Angels are maybe 5000 to one, but the crowd is passive and afraid. The Angels stay on stage, sure of their power.

Now something is definitely wrong, but there is no time or space to set it right. The Angels become the villains, but why are they here? They just came, of course, as they always do, but, we hoped, as friends. Since Ken Kesey faced them down and turned them on, San Francisco has had a sentimental romance with the Angels: the consummate outlaws, true rolling stones, street fighting men: they're so bad they're good, went the line. It turns out later that they were actually hired by the Stones on the suggestion of the Dead; their fee, $500 worth of beer. But now their open appetite for violence mocks our unfocussed love of peace; their grim solidarity, our fearful hopes of community.

Community? It just doesn't feel like that anymore. Though participants in the whole rite, we are not actively engaged in it; we are spectators who came to "see" the Stones, passive voyeurs hoping, like all voyeurs, that "something" will happen. But since we're just watching, we can say we're not to blame—it's the Stones and the Angels, the Stars, they did it all, so they're to blame, right? The *I Ching* says all communities must have a leader, but every community member must be willing to become that leader at any time.

So we're all voyeurs, but what do you have to do in late 1969 to get 300,000 people to watch it?

Now the rovin' gambler he was very bored
Trying to create a next world war
He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor
He said, "I've never engaged in this kind of thing before,
But, yes, I think it can be very easily done,
We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun,
And have it on Highway 61!"

BOB DYLAN

The day drags on. Many leave; as many more arrive. Invisibly and inevitably the crowd squeezes toward the stage until the first 50 yards around it are suffocatingly dense. Occasionally it becomes too much for someone, and while twitching in the grip of some apocalyptic vision ("We are all going to die, we are all going to die, right here, right here, we've been tricked!"), he is carried by friends to the medical tent for some Thorazine and, if he's lucky, some thoughtful attention.

Darkness begins to fall. "The Stones are here." "I saw their helicopter." "Somebody said they're not gonna show." The lights come on, and a new wave sweeps thousands more towards the stage. The stage itself is so full that it is sagging in the center. The Angels continue their random attacks. "The Stones are here." "That's why they turned on the lights."

Photograph by Gios

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In fact, they are—packed into a tiny trailer filled with stale smoke and spilled food. Charley's happy; he just needs to get through this final set and he can go home to Shirley and Serafina. Mick is upset; as he got off the helicopter a freak had rushed him, screaming, "I hate you, I hate you," then punched him in the face. For all his presence, Mick Jagger is not fearless; on tour, when the engine of one small chartered plane had flamed briefly as it coughed to a start, Mick leapt from his seat, crying that the plane was about to explode. Keith, up all night and in the trailer all day, is exhausted. Crying girls peer and shout through the small screen windows. Jo Bergman is huddled in a corner waiting for it to be over. Ronnie cracks nervous jokes.

It is time. Surrounded by security men, they squeeze the few yards to a tent directly behind the stage. Mick Taylor, Keith and Bill tune up. A dozen Angels stand guard, punching at faces that peek through holes in the canvas. They are ready. The Angels form a wedge; they file between two equipment trucks, up four steps, and they are there. It is fully dark now but for the stage; in its incandescence, the Rolling Stones are as fine as ever. Mick bows low, sweeping his Uncle Sam hat wide in an ironic circle, and on Keith's signal, the band begins "Jumping Jack Flash." That incredible moment is there again. In those first seconds when Keith's shirt is sparkling, and Charley has just set his big cymbal shimmering with a snap of his right wrist, and Mick bends forward biting out the first defiant words, that enormous pressure of wants, material and spiritual, dissolves—phisst! like that in thin air. For it is just that moment, that achievement of perfect beauty after impossible trial, which is the object of all those longings.

'Cause it's all right now,
In fact it's a gas,
I'm Jumping Jack Flash,
It's a gas gas gas!

And then it is irrevocably gone. Four Angels flash from behind the amps, one vaulting almost over Charley's head. One jumps from the stage, and the crowd scatters into itself in total panic. There appears to be a fight. Then it seems to be over. The music goes on. Again: more Angels, this time wandering around among the Stones. They stop playing.

"Fellows, fellows," says Mick, "move back, won't you, fellows?" His sarcasm gets him through, and they start again. Trouble for the third time, and it is serious. Two Angels (I saw two) wade deep into the crowd. There are screams. Rows of faces fishtail away before these thugs from some very modern nightmare. Boos rise from the mass of the crowd who can't see what's wrong and who just want the show to go on. The band starts again, but something unmistakably weird is still going on down in front. A few kids escape to the stage, streaking to the safety of its far corners. Sam comes out. He has been begging this crowd all day for cooperation; his voice is flat and hoarse.

"This is an important announcement. Someone has been hurt and a doctor is leaving the stage right now; that's him with his arm raised, he's got a green jacket on. Will you please let him through. Someone has been badly hurt."

Security men are begging that all those who do not absolutely need to be on the stage leave it. I leave, not unhappily, and walk through the burnt-out campfires, small piles of trash and rakishly tilted motorcycles behind the stage, then up a slope where the kids are standing on cars, maybe 30 to a car. A girl comes by asking for her friends; she has cut her leg on barbed wire and wants to go home, but she lost her friends with the car at noon.

The Stones are going again, and the crowd is with them. We can't see them, but the music sounds good—not great, not free festival great, but no one hopes for that anymore. It is enough that it is here. Around me a few people are dancing gently. The morning's dope is wearing off; all the trips are nearly over. We do glimpse the basket flying through the air, trailing petals. We all cheer one last massive cheer. Friends find friends; the crowd becomes fragments that get into cars that back up on the freeway for miles and for hours. Luckily it is only about eight; but it feels like the very end of the night when the only want is for rest. I realize that the Grateful Dead did not get a chance to play and figure that I won't go to any more of these things.

In the days that follow, the free concert becomes "the disaster at Altamont." There is wide disagreement on what happened and what it meant; everyone, it seems, had their own day, and that was, we all say, one of the problems. The only common emotion is disappointment and impotent sorrow. "If only . . . if only. . . ." The papers report that there were three births (though later the figure cannot be substantiated) and four deaths. Mark Feiger, 22, and Richard Savlov, 22, friends who had recently moved to Berkeley from New Jersey, were killed when a car on its way out to the freeway plowed into their campfire hours after the concert was over. A young man with long hair, moustache and sideburns, with a metal cross through his pierced right ear, still listed as "John Doe," stumbled stoned into an irrigation canal and drowned. Another, a young black man, Meredith Hunter, was stabbed, kicked and beaten by Angels right before the stage while the Stones were playing. His body was battered so badly that doctors knew, the moment they reached him, there was no chance to save him.

So far, no murder charges have been brought. It was not until a week later, when someone asked me about it, that I even considered the possibility that the police, whom no one would have wanted at Altamont in the morning, would actually investigate the horrendous act that closed it and bring any person or persons to trial. We all seemed beyond the law at Altamont, out there willingly, all 300,000 of us, Stones and Angels included, and on our own. And anyway the tour is over.

Dontcha panic
Dontcha panic
Give it one more try
Dontcha panic
Dontcha panic
Give it one more try
Sit down
Shut up
Don't dare cry
Things'll get better if you really try
So dontcha panic
Dontcha panic
Give it one more try
Try on!

MICK JAGGER-KEITH RICHARD

Michael Lydon, who writes frequently about rock 'n' roll, lives in Elk, California, and in the Fisherman family in Berkeley.

Photograph by Beth Bagby

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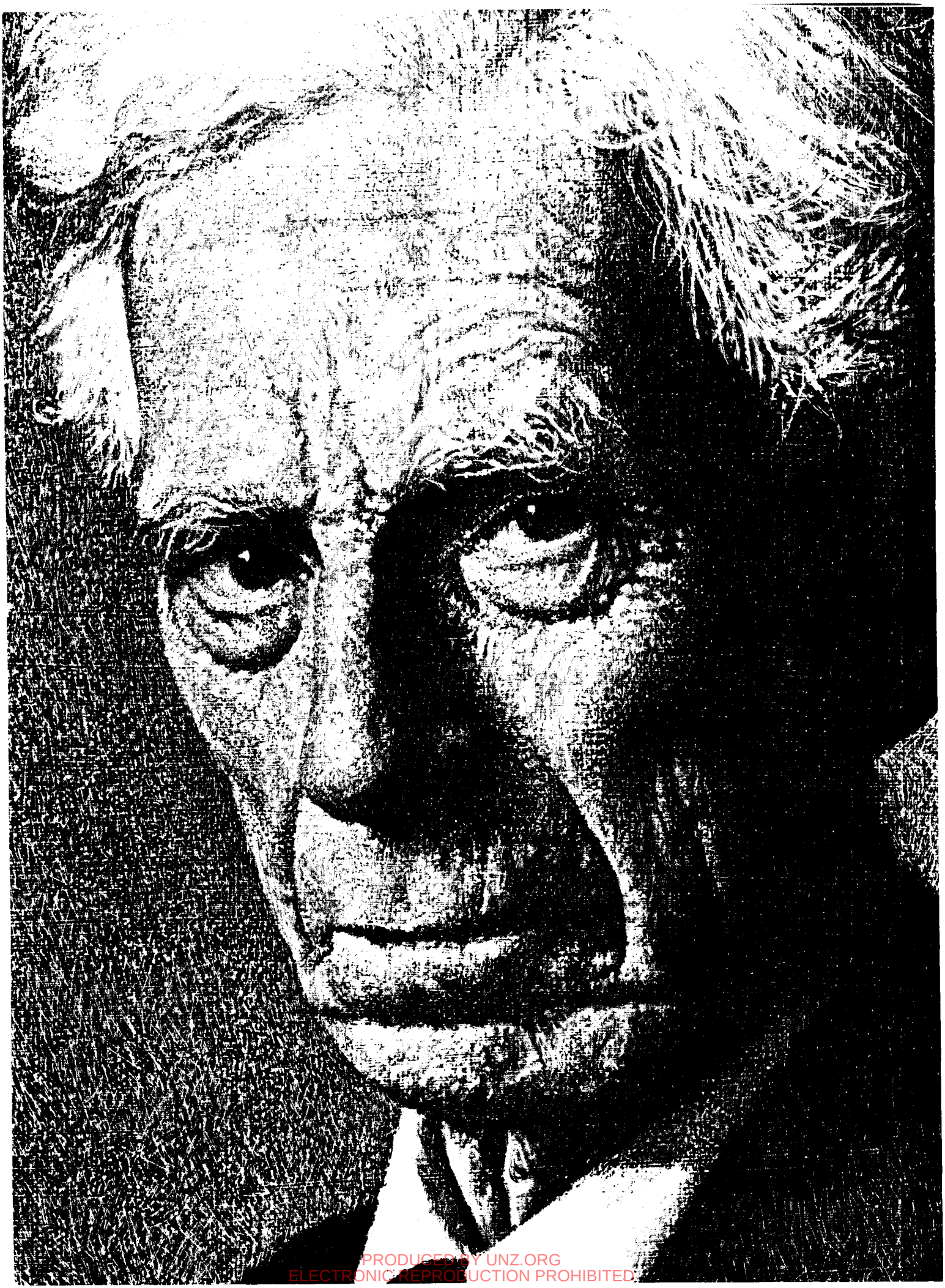

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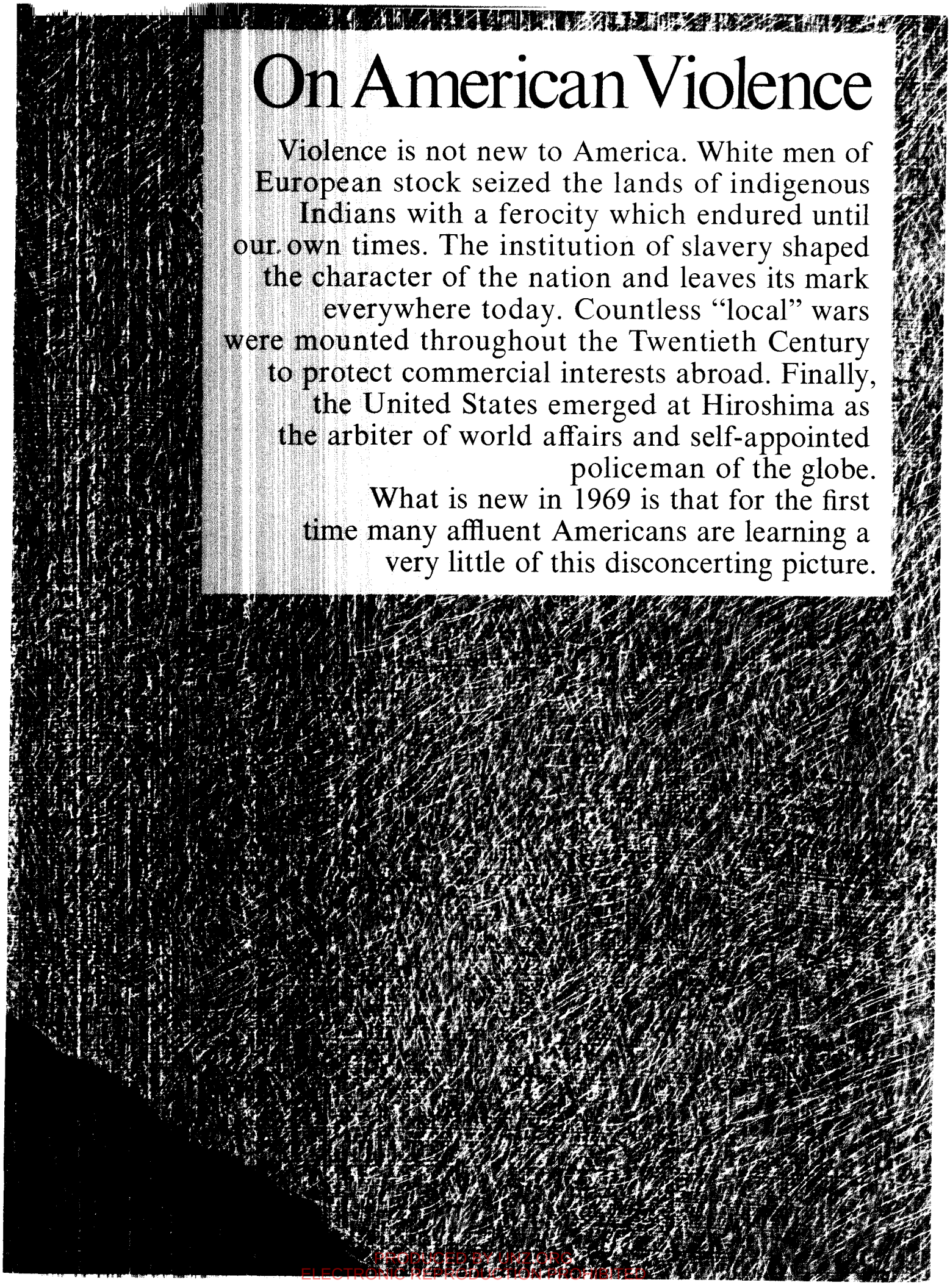
On American Violence

Violence is not new to America. White men of European stock seized the lands of indigenous Indians with a ferocity which endured until our own times. The institution of slavery shaped the character of the nation and leaves its mark everywhere today. Countless "local" wars were mounted throughout the Twentieth Century to protect commercial interests abroad. Finally, the United States emerged at Hiroshima as the arbiter of world affairs and self-appointed policeman of the globe.

What is new in 1969 is that for the first time many affluent Americans are learning a very little of this disconcerting picture.



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The revelations of atrocities by U.S. servicemen in Viet-Nam illustrate not isolated acts inadvertently committed by disciplined troops, but the general pattern of the war, for its character is genocidal. It has been fought from the air with napalm and fragmentation bombs, helicopter gunships and pellet bombs, the spraying of poisons on thousands of acres of crops and the use of enormous high explosive weapons. Civilian areas have been declared "free fire zones" and the policy has been one of mechanical slaughter. On the ground, "search and destroy" missions have used gas in lethal quantities, the killing of prisoners, and systematic interrogation under electrical and other tortures.

Senator Kennedy has released figures given to him as chairman of the Senate refugees subcommittee. He says that there have been one million civilian casualties in South Viet-Nam alone since 1965, of which 300,000 have been killed. In the London Times of December 3, Washington correspondent Louis Heren compares such slaughter to the Nazi record in Eastern Europe: "These are terrible figures, proportionally perhaps comparable to the losses suffered by the Soviet Union in the Second World War." Two days earlier, the same newspaper's correspondent in Saigon, Fred Emery, reported: "What begins as a 'firefight' in a hamlet continues compulsively long after opposing fire has been suppressed. With such appalling fire discipline among all units in Viet-Nam, it is only exhaustion of ammunition that brings engagements to an end."

This is precisely the picture which emerged from the sessions of the International War Crimes Tribunal in Scandinavia in 1967. The Tribunal heard from former U.S. servicemen of the dropping of Vietnamese prisoners from helicopters, the killing of prisoners under torture and the shooting on orders of those trying to be accepted as prisoners. All this and much more was known years ago to anyone concerned to learn the truth. It was certainly known

Illustration by Marvin Hayes

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to tens of thousands of troops in Viet-Nam. The London Times' Saigon correspondent, describing the reactions to the recent revelations of Americans in Viet-Nam, commented: "... There is a strong undercurrent of knowledge and fear that 'there, but for the grace of God, go I.'"

This is why the prosecution of isolated junior officers is quite inadequate. They are to be made scapegoats. The more wicked war criminals are the highest ranking military and civilian leaders, the architects of the whole genocidal policy. Have we so soon forgotten the regular White House breakfasts at which, Johnson boasted openly, he and McNamara and their closest colleagues selected the targets for the coming week?

This in turn is why it is ludicrous to suggest that an enquiry should be mounted by anyone associated with the government or armed forces. The whole establishment stands condemned, including those more moderate politicians whose every utterance is still dictated by caution and petty ambition. Goldberg's call for a commission of "concerned patriotic Americans" would be a sublime irrelevance were it not the very means whereby the full horror would be hidden. Only a Pentagon enquiry could do worse. Because I doubt whether any enquiry in the United States would be free from the most severe harassment, I have invited some 15 heads of state around the world to press the U.N. Secretary General to establish an enquiry into war crimes in Viet-Nam.

Several American newspapers have observed that reaction to the massacre revelations has been much more rapid and sharp in Western Europe than in the United States. This is highly alarming. The entire American people are now on trial. If there is not a massive moral revulsion at what is being done in their names to the people of Viet-Nam, there may be little hope for the future of America. Having lost the will to continue the slaughter is not enough; the people of America must now repudiate their civil and military leaders.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

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Nixon: With A Little Help For His Friends

ON A TUESDAY NIGHT in September nearly 18 years ago, a nationwide TV audience of 58 million, having just absorbed the wit of Milton Berle, was treated to a classic soft-soap melodrama of political morality.

"I am sure that you have read the charge, and you have heard it, that I, Senator Nixon, took $18,000 from a group of my supporters. Now was that wrong?"

The 76 California oil and real estate men, bankers and defense contractors who had invested in Nixon and collected their political dividends didn't think so.

Others, including General Eisenhower, then campaigning against the "mess in Washington," were not so sure. Top party strategists wanted to dump Nixon from the ticket. William F. Knowland, the "Senator from Formosa," waited anxiously in the wings as an understudy in case the Nixon performance should flop.

But later that night, as the tubes cooled along the re-pacified Elm Streets across America, the remarkable impact of Nixon's speech forced the Eisenhower Crusade to recognize a pragmatism higher than opportunism. Local Republican clubs urged, "Keep Nixon." Nixon was kept. And so it was that the young man—advancing behind his wife Pat, camouflaged in a "respectable Republican cloth coat," and his black cocker spaniel Checkers—recaptured the citadel of lower middle class respectability.

Today the old Checkers scandal is largely forgotten. But Richard Nixon has become involved with another fund—not a political slush fund, but the world's largest mutual fund complex, the $8 billion Investors Diversified Services (IDS). In 1964, when Nixon's fortunes were sagging badly, IDS gave him a major break, making him a director of four of its affiliated mutual funds. The relationship brought cash and clients to Nixon and his law firm. To IDS, the Nixon connection at first had something of the value of a declining sports star's endorsement of a jiffy weight-reducing scheme.

After Nixon became President (having resigned from his IDS directorship in February 1968), the fund's managers received more than their annual dividend. One IDS lobbyist sits in the White House as the President's Special Counsel. Another was awarded an appointment to the second highest court in the land, from which vantage point he has continued to offer invaluable services to IDS: He even assisted in the secret offering of the presidency of IDS to the chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, an agency whose efforts to curtail some of IDS's controversial operations have meanwhile been themselves curtailed.

[ELM STREET CROSSES WALL STREET]

THE LOW POINT OF DEFEAT from which Richard Nixon began his historic comeback drive was his loss to Pat Brown in the 1962 California gubernatorial election. Deprived of a home state political base and lacking the independent financial resources of a Rockefeller or a Kennedy, Nixon's career prospects looked dim. He was reluctant to return to his Los Angeles law practice, fearing—as he told a reporter at the time—that he would "vegetate" there. He longed for the "fast track" of New York.

Nixon's friends Elmer Bobst, chairman of Warner-Lambert Inc., and Donald Kendall, president of Pepsi-Cola, intervened for him with the Wall Street law firm of Mudge, Stern, Baldwin and Todd. Like Nixon, the firm had seen better days. Mudge, Stern (which later merged with the present Attorney General John Mitchell's municipal bond outfit) had a prestigious past but was no longer counted among the top half-dozen Wall Street firms. A firm with the corporate know-how of Sullivan and Cromwell or the governmental know-who of (Clark) Clifford, Warnke, could turn down clients offering retainers of less than $250,000 a year. Mudge, Stern often had to make do. With Nixon's somewhat battered prestige as a drawing card, the firm hoped to pull in new clients.

At IDS around this time, things were looking pretty rocky too. By 1964 it was just emerging from nearly a decade of management turmoil, proxy battles and litigation, all stemming from a marathon struggle for corporate control of IDS's "parent" corporation—a powerful personal holding company known as the Alleghany Corporation. Control of Alleghany meant control not only of IDS, but also of the New York Central Railroad, the Missouri Pacific, the Baltimore and Ohio, and other corporate prizes. It was a contest between new Texas oil money (the Murchison brothers) and old New York department store money (the Kirby family). The battle had drained IDS of much of its corporate credibility. Charges of fraud, mismanagement and inside self-dealing filled the air like frisbees. Control of the Board of Directors changed hands five times within ten years; five presidents took office, one of them twice. With a management that resembled a cabal of

by Bob Fitch

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feuding Trotskyists more than the guardians of the world's largest mutual fund complex, IDS badly needed someone who would help their investor clients forget the high-level purges and bitter proxy fights among its corporate officialdom.

IDS, in search of a new image, and Nixon, in search of new clients, finally got together in 1964 when Nixon was made director of two IDS affiliates, Investors Mutual, then and now the world's largest at $3 billion, and Investors Stock Fund, with present assets of $1.9 billion. IDS later added a directorship with Investors' Selective and Investors' Variable Payment to Nixon's collection.

The man most responsible for bringing Nixon in was IDS fund's vice president George MacKinnon, who has continued to play a key role in the Nixon/IDS relationship. MacKinnon was an old Navy friend of Nixon's, had served with him in the 80th Congress, and was a speechwriter for him in the 1952 campaign.

MacKinnon's match-making blossomed into a perfect marriage. A senior staff member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has revealed that IDS vice president Robert Loeffler himself put Nixon's income from the IDS connection at $64,000. And Nixon's warm, 1950's, home town image—sober, stolid, never frivolous—suited IDS perfectly. For the IDS mutual fund customers were not slick Wall Street plungers, but small town, even rural, timid investors from middle and lower-middle income groups. Even today, their incomes average only $7500 to $10,000 annually. IDS boasts that one out of every 17 people in Aberdeen, South Dakota is an IDS customer; that there are 10,000 buyers in Sioux City, Iowa alone.

[BILKING THE SILENT MAJORITY]

IT IS BY CAPITALIZING ON just this isolation and lack of financial sophistication that IDS has attained its present financial girth. Many of its techniques are typical of those used by the mutual fund industry as a whole in selling a costly illusion of financial security. IDS as the management company creates a number of mutual funds whose first corporate decision is to award this management a contract for its advice; the contract provides for management fees to be paid regardless of how well or badly the advice turns out. And the huge mutual fund sales charges (8-1/2 per cent) are paid by the naive customer.

But IDS has also made its own unique contributions to American finance. First is its enormous 5000-man in-house sales force roaming the Midwestern steppes. Second are its "face amount certificates," much like savings bonds, except usually sold on the installment plan, and on terms difficult for the purchaser to calculate, but less favorable than virtually all other forms of saving. Face amount certificates are an IDS specialty—95 per cent of all those sold are theirs. The over $2.2 billion worth presently in force provide more than 50 per cent of IDS's total profits.

IDS describes the certificates as the "third cornerstone" of the firm's "four cornerstones of balanced financial planning" and as "a time-tested, proved plan that provides known results." A former IDS director, on the other hand, calls it a program of "forced savings for alcoholics and incompetents."

According to an unpublished Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) study commissioned by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, approximately 55 per cent of IDS's 370,000 face amount certificate purchasers actually *lost* money on the deal. Moreover, the SEC statistics show that the people who get taken by the IDS are, in fact, the personification of the silent majority—just the folks who also bought the Nixon candidacy. The average face amount certificate buyer has an income of $10,000 a year. (One in four earns less than $7500.) He is over 40, white, Protestant, and lives in a small town. With his relatively low income, he finds it difficult to keep up the installment payments that finally enable him to get his "full" two or three per cent.

It is no wonder that the selling of face amount certificates has been denounced as "unconscionable" by Joint Economic Committee Chairman Senator William Proxmire, and that their sale has been prohibited in several states. Yet all efforts to obtain a federal ban on this IDS formula have proved futile. Selling a product like face amount certificates requires not only a large number of neighborly salesmen, but some damn good lobbyists as well. Capital observers see the mutual fund lobby as a sort of nouveau riche among financial institutions. But what it lacks in political experience it makes up for in cash, numbers and political leverage in high places. For years Congress has considered passing a bill to limit some of the worst mutual fund and certificate abuses, but somehow the end of the session always finds the mutual fund industry home free. "They've hired all the lawyers in town on this bill," commented a senior staff member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on the industry's spring offensive against the 1969 reform bill. Now, with pressure for reform building up, it is nice to have a special friend at the top.

[WALL STREET CROSSES PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE]

EVEN SEASONED POLITICAL observers were surprised at the boldness with which presidential candidate Nixon in September 1968 promised a regulatory carte blanche to the mutual fund industry. At the height of the campaign, Nixon sent out a confidential letter to 3000 Wall Street "leaders," one of whom leaked his copy to the press. In the letter, Nixon denounced the code-crazed bureaucrats and fanatical statists in the Johnson Administration who "sought wide-sweeping new regulatory powers over the mutual fund industry, whose powers would be tantamount to 'rate-fixing' in a highly competitive industry." Referring obliquely to attempts to scale down management fees, front-end loads and face amount certificates, Nixon argued that he had no desire to mislead the investor. But the Johnson Administration, he said, believed that "the Government can make decisions for the investor better than he can make them for himself." "This philosophy," Nixon concluded predictably, "I reject."

A more exact and mellifluous echo of mutual fund propaganda could not have been produced if it had been written by an IDS lobbyist himself. And in fact Nixon aide Charles W. Colson, who was then a partner in the law firm of Gadsby and Hannah (registered lobbyists for IDS), admitted having "played a role" in drafting the letter when I talked to him recently. The role must have been considerable, since Colson worked busily through 1968 and 1969 for the defeat of mutual fund reform bills.

Colson joined the White House staff on November 1, 1969 and now serves as the President's Special Counsel. Asked about

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the nature of his new job, the mutual fund expert replies, "I don't think I really can comment" because it involves "legal matters." Colson admits having played a role in drafting the letter, but minimizes its significance by pointing out that the letter was only one of many that the Key Issues Committee drafted. But then Colson was the only mutual fund specialist on the committee.

Colson says he's done no further lobbying for IDS since joining the White House staff, although he suggests that his law firm "probably" continues to represent IDS. "Simply as a matter of course, I would never get involved in this area," says Colson.

Though Nixon, a four-year director of IDS, and Colson, a lobbyist for the same corporation, would appear to have a lot in common to talk about, Colson says he and Mr. Nixon never even discuss mutual funds. The President, says Colson, takes no position at all on the pending mutual fund legislation.

[LETTER PERFECT]

EVEN SO, THE SEC under the present Administration has adopted the *caveat emptor* philosophy of the Nixon-Colson letter as its guidelines. When Manny Cohen, the Commission's reform-minded chairman, offered his resignation, it was quickly accepted by the new President. Cohen had pressed for strong legal measures: if mutual fund management fees weren't "reasonable," customers should be able to take corrective legal action; the front-end load would have to go, along with the fixed minimum sales charges that enable the funds to constitute a huge money trust protected from price competition. The Cohen SEC could move in this direction because it had at least minimal support from the White House.

Under Nixon, the SEC has moved away from all three positions. Even more has been done for IDS: The world's largest financial service company, IDS has been allowed to de-register as an investment company. This frees it from SEC rules governing capital structure and acquisitions in related financial fields. Also, the Justice Department has filed a joint brief with IDS before the SEC, holding that financial institutions should be allowed to join the New York Stock Exchange. This would allow IDS to gain commissions on mutual fund stock transactions, rather than paying them to NYSE members. But potentially the biggest benefit of all came from the Internal Revenue Service, when a new ruling opened up the $250 billion pension fund market previously closed off to mutual funds.

When it comes to taking public stands on regulatory policy, Nixon now affects a "hands off" position, which simply gives free reign to the special interests and perpetuates the drain on the savings of middle, lower-middle and working class people in a time of rising inflation and unemployment. It's Nixon's way of standing up for the silent majority.

[FUNDMAN MEETS THE PINBALL CONSPIRACY]

IF CHARLES COLSON'S IDS LINK brought him success in the Washington job market, George MacKinnon received a post commensurate with his loyalty in Nixon's time of need: on April 23, 1969, Nixon appointed him to the Washington, D.C. circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals, the second highest court in the land. MacKinnon not only was responsible for bringing Nixon onto the boards, but consistently argued in board meetings for throwing legal business to the Nixon firm, despite the resistance of IDS board member and senior vice president Robert Loeffler, who is a partner in the law firm that would regularly get IDS business. At MacKinnon's insistence, Nixon was retained to provide the "advice" of counsel legally required in certain bond purchases.

MacKinnon had served IDS as counsel and chief lobbyist, along with his role of vice president. But while his competence as a lobbyist is unquestioned, neither his IDS salary—estimated by a knowledgeable Minneapolis attorney at approximately $250,000 a year—nor his present exalted judicial post, is easily laid to expertise in law. MacKinnon's background, which includes a stint as assistant football coach for the University of Minnesota, shows real courtroom experience only during his term as Minneapolis DA.

District Attorney MacKinnon was better at arresting people than at gathering evidence to support his charges. Despite lavish assistance from the FBI and other federal agencies, MacKinnon wound up with one of the lowest conviction rates in the country.

His most notable accomplishment was the prosecution of 39 minority group tavern owners who constituted what MacKinnon called "the pinball machine conspiracy." The fact that pinball players didn't win cash didn't mean, MacKinnon said, that they weren't gambling. Winners got a "free play" worth five cents, didn't they? "The so-called free play, which actually amounts to a pay-off," was, MacKinnon charged, openly available to pinball players. Yet the owners of the machines had failed to pay the Minnesota gambling tax.

MacKinnon eventually obtained felony convictions against all 39 pinball machine owners. He was proud of having taken on the men he called "the higher ups in the pinball circles."

Today the Minneapolis gangbuster seems to serve much the same crony-lieutenant role in the Nixon Administration as Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas did for the Johnson team. Nixon wants MacKinnon around. One former IDS director suggests that this is why Nixon appointed MacKinnon to the Washington, D.C. district, rather than to his home base of Minnesota.

[FUNDMAN MEETS WATCHDOG]

MACKINNON'S NOMINATION as federal judge was confirmed by the Senate on May 8, 1969. One week after his appointment, MacKinnon was back in Minneapolis giving a report to the fund directors. Minutes of that meeting, marked "Distribution—To Members of the Board and Certain Officers," show that MacKinnon offered "in the months ahead" to help his successor, "without compensation," familiarize himself with mutual fund legislation pending in Congress, and also with the litigation in which IDS was involved.

Fund Chairman Harold Bradford, however, thought MacKinnon's offer too generous. Some way should be found, he felt, to compensate MacKinnon's efforts financially. Bradford asked MacKinnon to leave the room while he presented his plan to the remaining directors. He recommended that since MacKinnon had taken only a few days vacation over the years, he be given a sum of money as severance pay "based chiefly" on the unused vacation time.

Eight days later, MacKinnon returned to Washington to work on one of the most "complicated" of these matters. On

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the evening of May 16, MacKinnon and Bradford met in a Washington hotel suite with Hamer H. Budge, who had just been named to succeed Manny Cohen as chairman of the SEC. (Like Dick Nixon and George MacKinnon, "Judge" Budge is a charter member of the 1946 "Chowder and Marching Society" of freshman Republicans in the 80th, "Do-Nothing," Congress.) Budge took office amidst New York Times speculation that Nixon had removed Cohen because he was too hard on mutual funds. This was a bit oversimplified, but it made things difficult for Budge. On the one hand, the White House really didn't want any reforms; on the other, the whole purpose of having the SEC is to absorb the offensive odors that are inevitably given off in the trading of securities. An SEC chief can't very well behave like the best friend who never tells.

In his Congressional testimony on mutual fund reform, Budge had known enough to steer carefully between the Scylla of "yes" and the Charybdis of "no." He ducked questions on mutual fund sales charges and concentrated instead on the evils of conglomeration, a safe issue on which reformers, the SEC, John Mitchell and the White House all agreed.

With such matters in the air, Bradford and MacKinnon met that evening in the hotel with Budge to present him with a modest proposition. Bradford wanted to step down as president of the IDS funds. How would Budge like to take the post for $80,000 per year, plus $80,000 severance pay if his services were terminated before three years?

Budge asked for time to consider the offer. Then, on June 11, according to MacKinnon's report, which appears in the minutes of the Fund directors' meeting the following day, SEC chief Budge said he "would like to accept the offer." It would be "entirely in order," MacKinnon quoted Budge, "to adopt the appropriate resolutions," subject, however, "to the wishes of his present boss [Richard M. Nixon] who might want to ask him to remain in his present position for a period of time to make an orderly transmission to his successor."

After June 12, however, Budge began to vacillate, and the IDS directors were told on July 10 that he had turned the offer down. But by the time the Executive Committee met six days later, Budge had apparently changed his mind once more. That day the Committee unanimously resolved "that Hamer H. Budge is hereby elected, subject to his acceptance, to the position of President." Now, however, Budge was to be guaranteed *two* full years' salary ($160,000) as severance pay if he was terminated by the corporation within three years. Whether Budge's hesitation during the first summer of Nixon's presidency was a crisis of conscience or a negotiating ploy, one thing is certain: it induced IDS to sweeten its offer by $80,000.

Curiously, the Budge incident came only a few weeks after the promulgation of the Nixon guidelines on political morality. According to these guidelines, officials are not allowed to use their office for private gain, engage in actions that would impair their objectivity, or otherwise undermine public confidence. Yet here was a Nixon-appointed appeals judge recruiting a Nixon-appointed SEC chairman to be president of a corporation of which "the Boss" was a former director. And all this was going on while the SEC was drafting proposals on the future of the mutual fund industry. In particular, the Commission chairman would be presiding over decisions regarding the face amount certificate, which the SEC's unpublished studies had characterized as contrary to the public interests, but upon which rested fully half the profits of the firm whose presidency the chairman was about to assume. Now *there* is conflict of interest bordering on schizophrenia.

[WATCHDOG MEETS SENATE]

JUST AS RETIRED AIR FORCE generals can generally find employment with civilian missile-makers if they are capable of consecutive thought and their knuckles don't drag too badly when they walk, so all roads for high SEC officials seem to lead to the Wall Street firms they once regulated. Usually, however, this is done decorously, after some recognizable caesura like a change of administrations. The Budge affair, however, was gross even by lax Washington standards. Word that Budge was offered the IDS job was leaked to the Washington Post by New York Stock Exchange President Richard Haack (who had backed Budge's opponent for the SEC post).

Senate liberals were outraged, for they had relied heavily on SEC recommendations when they were considering mutual fund reform in April and May, a period during which Budge was dickering with MacKinnon over the job. Senator Proxmire demanded that Budge clarify whether he was regulating IDS funds or seeking employment from them. When Budge failed to clarify his relationship, Proxmire and Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey called for Senate hearings.

The hearings got nowhere, chiefly because Republican committee members Bennett of Utah and Brooke of Massachusetts backed Budge as if the credibility of President Nixon himself were at stake. The not entirely ineffective Republican counterattack was led by Senator Bennett, who recited a long list of high Democratic financial regulators who had gone on to take jobs with the institutions they regulated. In the last year, Democrat Joseph Barr, acting Secretary of the Treasury, had become vice chairman of American Security and Trust; his boss, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Fowler, had become a partner in Goldman Sachs; and James Saxon, the top U.S. official supervising national banks, had taken a job with Fletcher National Bank and Trust.

IDS vice president Robert Loeffler, bucking the morally permissive weight of such precedents, stated that he, for one, thought the job offer had been unwise. It gave an appearance of conflict of interest which would, he said, be "misinterpreted" by the public.

Loeffler's piety was too much for Budge, who pointed out that IDS had previously hired three top SEC officials, including the Director of Trading and Markets, Ralph S. Saul. "If IDS is sensitive in this area," Budge observed, "it must have been a recent development." Budge, nonetheless, has not yet taken the job, nor has he left the SEC.

[ANCESTOR WORSHIP]

TODAY THE DOLLAR ASSETS of IDS itself are equal to the entire mutual fund industry of 1929. The present industry as a whole is nearly seven times bigger; mutual fund shares comprise one half of all new issues. Their underwriters are key figures in the financial world. In the bear market of 1962, Wall Street looked to men like Joseph Fitzsimmons of IDS, Dwight Robinson of Massachusetts Investors Trust, and Walter Morgan of Wellington to shore up prices. Although they were unknown to the public, each

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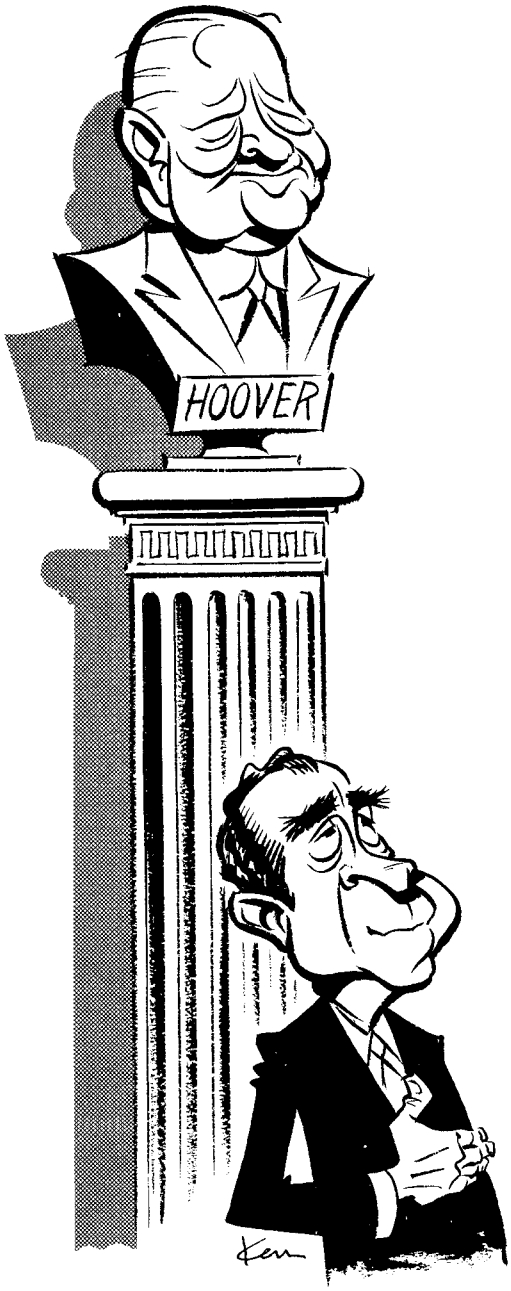

man controlled more money than did Morgan in his prime. They were able to prevent a '29-style collapse, but only because, unlike today, the stuff of the economy itself was strong. Mutual fund shareholders weren't forced to cash in their shares because of taxes or unemployment. Sales actually rose.

No one really knows what the 1970's will bring, as the widely predicted recession approaches. What would happen if the circus tent caught fire and all the elephants tried to escape at once; if the funds tried to get out of the market and the investors out of the funds? The idea troubles SEC Chairman Budge himself. "Since World War II," he said recently, "we have seen generally rising stock markets which may offset the front-end load. Before then, in the '30's, the experience was different. It is rather terrifying to consider the fate of small investors paying 50 per cent sales load if we should ever encounter a real bear market ahead."

The precedents are disturbing. The direct ancestors of today's elephantine mutual fund complexes were the investment trust mastodons of the 1920's. Then, as today, the little man was offered a chance to beat inflation, consolidate risk, and benefit from the accumulated market wisdom of Wall Street's sharpest heads. By 1929, the investment trusts' assets were over $8 billion; their shares constituted one third of all new capital issues. The influx of money through the trusts swayed the market for a while, creating enormous profits for their underwriters. Then they crashed. By 1931, it was often impossible to discover precisely what a share in an investment trust was worth, because the cost of an audit exceeded the value of the assets.

These funds have once again become dangerously shaky pivot points of the American economic structure. No one knows whether the stock market, whose self-destruct mechanism seems primed to go off every 30 years or so, is preparing to "do its thing" or not. But Nixon's economic-regulatory policy seems designed to maximize that possibility. On the one hand, Nixon uses the fine-tuning techniques of his ideological forebear, Herbert Hoover: high regressive taxes, high interest rates and high unemployment. At the same time, he resists the reforms of the mutual fund structure which might put a safety valve on the stock market should the blow-off come.

During prosperous times, it's hard for Mr. Jones to realize what's happening. But if hard times come, he won't need an accountant to tell him he's been taken.

The complacent indulgence of President Nixon in the face of this prospect can be unscrambled only as an expression of the dubious political principles spelled out in the Nixon letter to Wall Street. As candidate, Nixon promised to prevent new "wide sweeping" regulatory powers from being exercised over the mutual fund industry. As President, Nixon delivered. Candidate Nixon denounced the Administration's "legalistic and bureaucratic approach to mutual fund regulation." President Nixon takes regulation out of the constraints of law and bureaucracy and puts it in the context of hotel room deals and personal favoritism.

It was in the financial community, after his rejection by the California electorate, that Richard Nixon rebuilt his base, made his chief business connections, his personal friends, his campaign backers. That his personal, professional and political loyalty to this silent minority takes precedence over a rhetorical commitment to the silent majority should surprise no one.

More ironic is how the Nixon political enterprise takes on increasingly the characteristics of a mutual fund sales campaign. Both appeals ignore the blacks and the poor, who after all can't afford the product. Both are pitched at the white, the middle-aged, the marginally successful. Both tell the voter/investor to sit back passively and let the better brains make the system work for him. Meanwhile, the votes and dollars pour in.

All this shows that the slogan "You can't trust Nixon" and the jokes about Nixon as a used-car salesman missed the real point. Some people *can* trust Nixon. But they don't buy their cars in used-car lots.

Bob Fitch is a free-lance journalist. He is currently at work on a book about Czechoslovakia for Random House.

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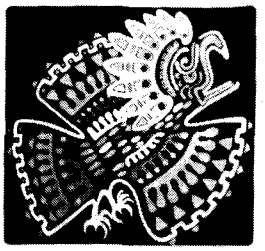
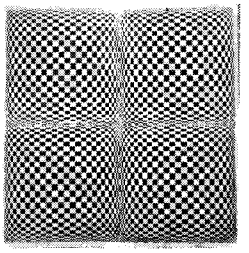


21 Azteca

22 Ban the Bomb



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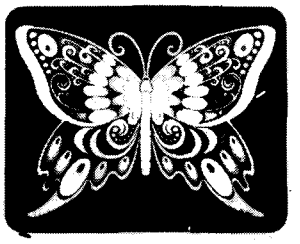
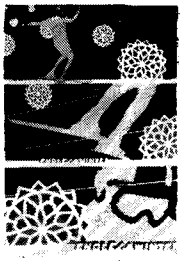
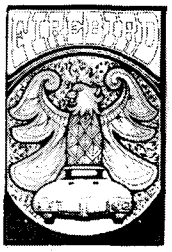


23 Butterfly

24 Endless Summer



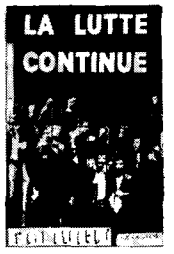
25 Endless Winter



26 Fire-Bird

5 Hair is Beautiful

27 I Need You Now (Esso Tiger)



28 La Lutte Continue

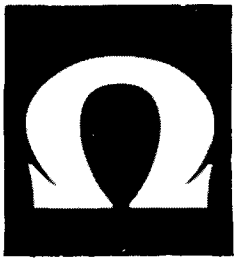
29 Last of the Ski Bums

30 Lautrec, 'Artistide Burant'

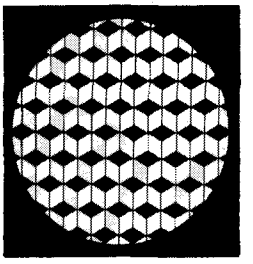
31 Man and a Woman

32 Maxcy, 'Lucy in the Sky'

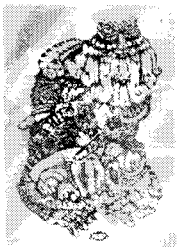
33 Maxcy, 'Psychedelic Poster'



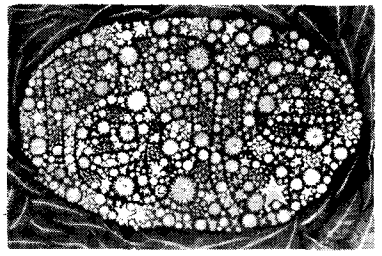
34 Omega



35 Optical Cubes

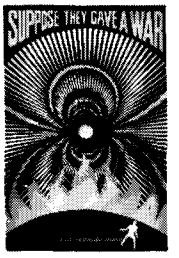


36 Owl

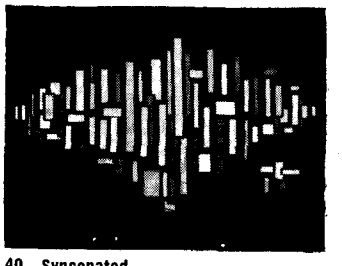


37 Peace

38 Phoenix



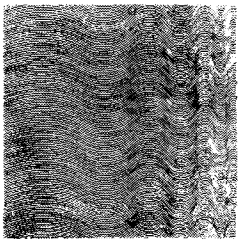
39 Suppose They Gave a War . . .



40 Syncopated Rhythm

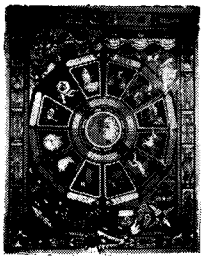
41 Teorama

42 U & I



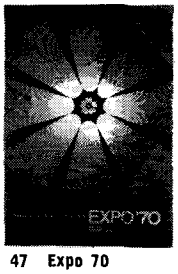
43 Vibrations

44 We Shall Overcome

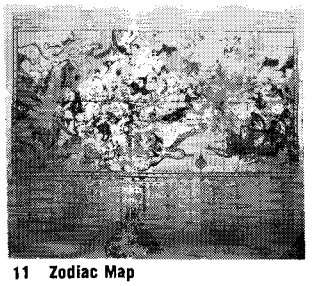


45 Zodiac Chart

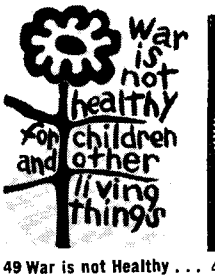
48 Strike



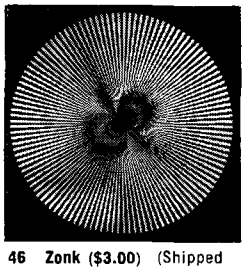
47 Expo 70



11 Zodiac Map



49 War is not Healthy . . .



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Inside Cuba: Workers and Revolution

(*Continued from page 20*)

may emerge (risen careerists, bureaucrats and political opportunists), and of some members of the old privileged strata incorporated into positions of authority, the presently clear thrust toward social equality could be subtly, even unconsciously, deflected.

To prevent such "bureaucratic deformation" of the revolution, whether in industry or government, Lenin argued that the workers had to have the freedom to organize to protect both their immediate interests on the job and their relative share of the national income, and that their spokesmen had to have the freedom to represent those interests, while at the same time defending the revolutionary regime. (In practice, however, Lenin and his comrades were compelled to curtail rights that they upheld in theory.)

The Cuban leaders recognize this principle, and assert, at least privately, that they are not satisfied with the present situation in the unions. I was told by Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, for instance, that he feels that the unions have been inadequately concerned with defending the day-to-day interests of the workers relative to their emphasis on spurring the workers to meet production targets. In his book-lined office in the headquarters of the Communist Party's Central Committee in Havana, he said that "what was originally Ché's anti-bureaucratic thesis [to keep the political leadership functions of the Party and the specific union functions independent of one another] became an anti-democratic thesis. The unions are transmission belts of the Party directives to the workers but have insufficiently represented the workers to the Party or Revolutionary Government. They cannot merely be instruments of the Party without losing their purpose. Administrators, after all, can also be *hijos de putas* [sons of whores], and if they are, the workers have to be able to throw them out—and, for that matter, do the same with any bureaucrats. . . ."

Throughout the country the workers with whom I had long and often very probing conversations felt confident that they could "throw out" any *hijo de puta* they felt was maltreating them. While the concrete changes that have been made in working conditions scarcely seem to constitute profound alterations of the workers' role in the productive process, the cumulative impact of such changes has given the workers a sense of well-being and freedom at work, rather than estrangement from it. The cynicism which is the characteristic informal philosophy expressing the resentment and sense of exploitation of manual workers elsewhere, seems to have disappeared among Cuban workers.

The conditions under which they work *have* changed radically. Even where—as among formerly "privileged workers"—the standard of living outside the plant has not improved materially or may even have lowered, the health and safety conditions in the plant have improved considerably, and the pace and intensity of the work has lessened, bringing a better life-on-the-job. Most workers, therefore, seem to identify strongly with the revolutionary leadership, and to be really willing to work extra hours without overtime pay and to do voluntary work in the plant or in agricultural production, planting coffee or citrus trees or cutting sugar cane. As one worker put it to me, "Everyone wants to be able to tell his grandchildren that he was in the harvest of the 'ten million.' "

One consequence of this new economic security (or the abolition of what Max Weber called "the whip of hunger") and of the sense of freedom in the plant, is that while productivity measured by what each worker produces per day (because he works longer hours) and per unit-wage-cost has risen considerably, according to government figures, productivity per man-hour apparently has not. "Absenteeism" also continues to be a problem throughout industry.

There is an inescapable dialectic here—of which the revolutionary leaders are quite aware—between the growth of consciousness and the abolition of alienation. The workers have lessened the pace and intensity of their work, where possible, because that in itself is an important gain of the revolution. Consciously or unconsciously, they seem to have decided that the benefits of increased production should not come at the expense of their new improved life-on-the-job. Until now, the Revolutionary Government has responded to this dialectic by attempting to deepen consciousness. The emphasis has been on persuasion, exhortation, education, rather than on the imposition of punitive sanctions.

Production goals are discussed by the workers at regular meetings. The goals set for their factory, mine or mill in the National Plan are submitted to them at the beginning of the year. The goals for the plant as a whole and for particular departments are discussed section by section and, in most plants, in a general assembly of the entire work force. Once approved or modified by the workers—usually to increase the targets—the plan is returned to the relevant Ministry for further study, and then is sent back to the plant for the workers' final approval. The workers with whom I spoke seemed

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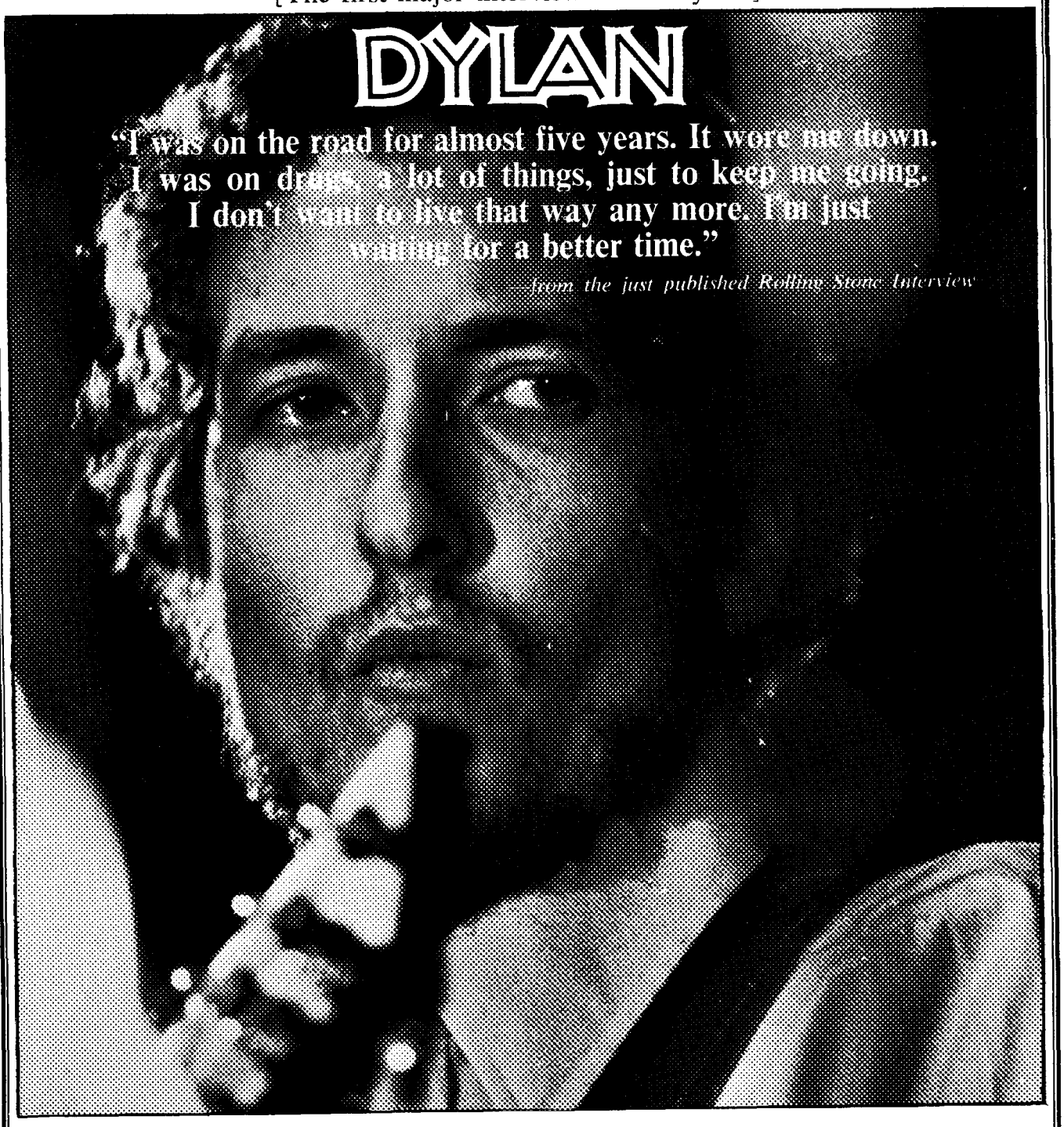
[The first major interview in three years]

DYLAN


"I was on the road for almost five years. It wore me down.
I was on drugs, a lot of things, just to keep me going.
I don't want to live that way any more. I'm just
waiting for a better time."
—from the just published Rolling Stone Interview

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to consider themselves deeply involved in this process; they claimed that the assemblies, run jointly by the administration, union and Party leadership, were genuine exchanges of ideas and that the plan was often substantially changed by their suggestions.

The revolutionaries have thus far rejected punitive sanctions; and they have rejected what they consider to be "capitalist" or material and individual incentives—which is the path taken by the Soviet Union. Fidel has spoken out strongly against what he considers to be capitalist tendencies in the Soviet Union and Eastern European socialist countries, and his heretical call to "build communism simultaneously with building socialism" is the doctrinal principle guiding the revolutionary leadership. It is the quest to build what Ché called "the new man," rejecting "Communist economics without Communist morality."

"The capitalist society," to quote Captain Jorge Risquet, Minister of Labor, "is based on the power of money; it is guided by the principle that a man is worth as much as he owns. A thief lucky enough to amass a fortune becomes an illustrious man and he might even get to be president of the republic. Our society is based on merit. And the most precious things a man can amass are his record and the awareness that he has fulfilled his duty and the tasks of his generation, his homeland, and his revolution."

This conception of socialist morality is at the heart of the Cuban revolution's uniqueness among Communist states, because it is combined with an egalitarian practice and a rejection of individual and material incentives in favor of collective and moral ones. Talking to Cuban workers throughout the country, it is quickly apparent that these are not mere slogans, but commitments deeply felt by many. In their descriptions of what it means to be a Communist, the workers emphasized moral qualities. As the cook at the paper mill put it, "You cannot join the Party unless the workers who know you best and work with you think that you are deserving. You must be of good morality. You must be an advanced worker, you must have the respect of your fellows in everything and be an example of discipline and sacrifice."

Most important, many of the workers themselves emphasized that they are engaged in the construction of a new society, shorn of the exploitation of man by man, and based on the premise of producing for the common good rather than for individual profit. It is evident that they had thought about these questions and discussed them. This came out clearly in my conversation with several miners about the new Law No. 270. This law gives the workers in a plant which wins the "Banner of the Heroes of Moncada" retirement and disability benefits equal to 100 per cent of their wages (although those who have not pitched in are excluded). Otherwise, workers retire at 70 per cent of their pay, up to $250 a month. I suggested that this sounded like a "material stimulus" rather than a moral one.

Captain Jesus Parra, the mine administrator, a mulatto wearing a sleeveless undershirt, grimy and sweaty with Matahambre's red earth, grinned. "Do you *really* consider that a 'material incentive'?" he asked. "I do not think so. We understand that other socialist countries have fallen into capitalist habits and forms. But we have learned from this. We have applied collective, not individual measures. Only a small minority of the workers do not merit the collective benefits which go through them to their families. Workers cannot have their wages reduced as a sanction. They cannot be fired. They know they have work. It is a moral principle of the revolution that we cannot punish the families of those who avoid their responsibilities. But shall we also reward those few equally?"

At this point, professor that I am, I gave a brief lecture about developments in the Soviet Union and its use of *stakhanovism*. "The principle of individual and material rewards," I said, "became the basis of their development, rationalized by the slogan 'from each according to his ability, to each according to his work'; texts from Lenin and Stalin were cited to justify and allow the growth of ever wider gaps in status and material welfare between ordinary and privileged workers, and especially between the workers and technicians, scientists, administrators, and even party bureaucrats. Was it not based on the same principle of individual merit and sacrifice that the ideals of socialism were distorted in such a way?"

Everyone was listening very carefully. Jesus Parra broke the silence and said, "This will not happen here. We, as I have already said, are conscious of errors elsewhere in the socialist world. Our emphasis, as the *compañero* says, is on collective benefits, not individual ones, benefits which cannot be bought and sold, which cannot enter the marketplace and which cannot be hoarded and accumulated, but only better the lives of all the workers in their work, and in their lives as a whole. The changes in the conditions of work in this mine, and in every work place in this country, directly benefit all workers. The free education, medical care, nominal rents, the work clothes and shoes and hot meals provided *gratis*—these are earned by all the workers and received by all the workers. Such is the way we choose to go."

Contrary to Captain Parra and the miners, however, the 100 per cent retirement benefits are clearly material incentives rather than moral ones, and have, at least so far, benefited only a small fraction of the workers in the country—somewhere around six per cent, according to government sources. While this is, from what I could tell, a rare departure from the central emphasis on moral suasion and collective benefits, this tension between divergent paths of development under socialism is critical for the future course of the revolution. The revolutionaries have not chosen to adopt the existing models of Soviet development, nor succumbed to the pressures of those who urge them to do so. I can guess from discussions with "highly placed" sources, though, that there continue to be serious differences within the leadership on this question; and that there are those who argue that absenteeism and inadequate productivity are reflections of the lack of individual incentives, on the one hand, and of insufficient "discipline," on the other. If they win, Cuba will be taking the road already trod by Communists elsewhere.

The pressures are great. It would be easier in the short run to abandon their dreams of an egalitarian and non-authoritarian socialism and adopt Soviet political economic models. Neither Soviet nor "Western" economists think the revolutionaries can successfully utilize moral suasion and collective rewards to motivate and maintain the commitment of the Cuban people to development.

At the moment, the revolutionary leadership continues to experiment with competing forms of factory administration and labor force organization, ranging from paramilitary labor brigades in

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agriculture in some parts of the country to politico-bureaucratic and quasi-syndicalist forms elsewhere. Typically, the administrators are essentially political cadre, appointed by the Ministry for their reliability and qualities of leadership rather than for their technical capacity—though they may also be technically trained, and are expected to study the productive process in their plants with care. The administrator is the chief authority in the plant in formal terms. In practice, however, his authority is shared (to an extent a short visit cannot reveal) with the Communist Party nucleus, of which he is typically also a member, and with the union. In places, the Committee of Advanced Workers, selected as outstanding workers by their peers, may also exercise considerable influence over the practical administration of work. In some plants the administrator is elected by the workers, rather than appointed by the Ministry, and the plant is run by an Administrative Council composed of workers elected at large, who continue to work in production, and by representatives of the Party nucleus.

The crucial question is how seriously the Revolutionary Government intends to push the more radical forms of workers' control. Will they go on to involve the workers themselves, through elected representatives, in at least the same sorts of decisions on the level of specific industrial sectors as they now make in the plants? Will there be an attempt to devise forms for the participation of workers' representatives in the actual formulation of the national plan? At present, despite the apparently ample participation of the workers in discussions and decisions concerning the *implementation* of the national economic plan set for their plant, the workers have no role whatsoever, to my knowledge, in determining the plan itself. They have nothing to say about investment priorities; the decision as to what and how much is to be produced is made by the central planning bodies of the Revolutionary Government responsible to the Council of Ministers.

Theoretically, of course, the Revolutionary Government's policies and the creation of the national economic plan are guided by the Communist Party, which is supposed to be the political organization of the masses and responsible to them. Yet despite the fact that the Party seems to be respected by the workers, and considered by them to represent and respond to their interests (if the interviews I had with countless workers throughout the country are indicative), there is little question that in practice the Party is responsible to itself and not to the citizenry at large. In the seven years since I had last visited Cuba, little had been done to create a political organization which is responsible to the people. The Central Committee of the Communist Party was not chosen by the rank and file of the Party throughout the country and there seems to be no inclination to carry out such elections within the Party. On the contrary, the first national congress of the newly created Communist Party had been scheduled for this year, but was canceled, with the explanation that there was too much work to do, that it would divert energies from the ten million ton harvest. There was no public debate about this decision, and there has been none about the fundamental questions concerning the revolution for several years.

In the past, especially when Ché was active in the revolutionary leadership, genuine differences between government leaders still were debated publicly, if in muted tones. The pages of *Revolucion* and of *Hoy*, the newspapers of the 26th of July and the Communist Party, respectively, clashed openly over issues as diverse as the revolutionary responsibility of the artist and the road to revolution in Latin America. *Cuba Socialista*, the theoretical journal of the embryonic party, and other journals such as *Verde Olivo*, *Nuestra Industria* and *Trimestre*, frequently had articles debating such critical questions as the role of a national bank under socialism, the relative merits of central versus decentralized planning, and material versus moral incentives. Today, public debate is absent. The Communist Party newspaper, *Granma*, and the edition published by its youth group, are equally unilluminating and uninformative about how the views of the revolutionary leadership may differ on domestic and foreign questions.

The only views to reach the public are the official views of government leaders after the debates (which reportedly involve the expression of a wide range of views on policy questions) have been resolved in private by members of the Council of Ministers. An example of this process occurred while I was in Cuba. On September 1, 1969 the Revolution-

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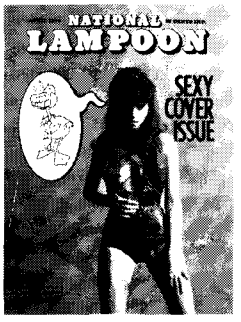

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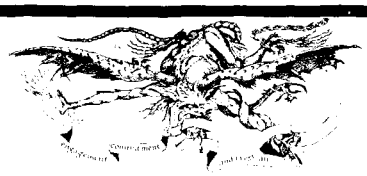

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ary Government passed Law 1225, which requires that everyone in the labor force carry an identification card listing his occupational record, and that all administrators maintain such records of their employees. Without prior authorization from the Regional Office of the Ministry of Labor, no one may change his place of employment, and administrators may not hire new workers.

This is an essential economic measure which has inherent political implications. If the Revolutionary Government is to plan economic development rationally, it must have accurate information on the composition and mobility of the labor force. It must be in a position to correlate wages, productivity and prices with the growth and movement of the labor force so that employment and investment are kept in proper balance. However, this involves a system of formal controls which unquestionably entails a serious limitation on the freedom of individuals to choose where they live and work.

There was debate on this question in the Council of Ministers between those in favor of greater regimentation, or "labor discipline," and those favoring procedures to facilitate the free change of jobs, within the minimal limits required by planning. The debate was apparently resolved (the Statute has not yet been officially promulgated) by a compromise requiring the administration of the work place to state in writing the reasons why the worker cannot leave his present position. The Workers Council may overrule the administration, allowing it, however, up to two years to find a substitute for the worker if his skills are scarce.

The Ministers' debate on this law was not made public. Nor has there been public discussion of it in centers of work throughout the country, as is customary with other laws which specifically require the participation and consent of the mass of workers for their implementation. Yet here is a practical revolutionary measure which epitomizes the inherent tension between socialist planning and individual liberties.

The system of controls necessary to enforce the law carries with it an undeniable authoritarian potential. As elsewhere throughout a socialist society, such potential can only be kept in check by the conscious creation of mechanisms which permit planning and individual

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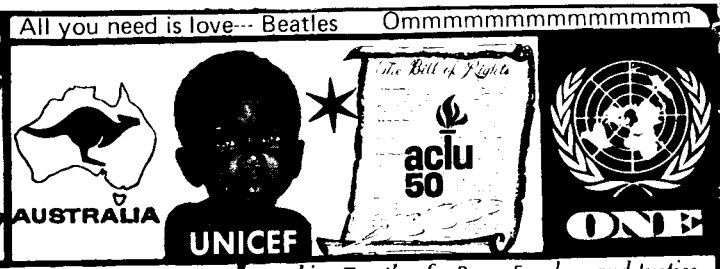

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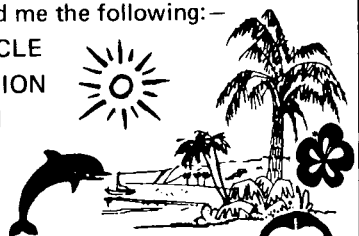

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liberty to complement rather than contradict each other. The surest way to resolve this tension is to encourage free and full discussion in workers' assemblies and public meetings and in the mass media so that the full range of options can be explored, solutions chosen, and revolutionary measures understood, approved and implemented.

The fact is that despite their experimentalism and originality in many areas, the Cuban revolutionaries have so far done little to establish institutions to guarantee that competing points of view can be heard within the revolutionary socialist consensus; that meaningful alternatives are debated; that policies are initiated, as well as implemented, by the citizenry at large.

This does not mean, according to my experience, that dissent is repressed or that ideas—even ones hostile to the revolution—cannot ordinarily be expressed freely. Cuba is a remarkable revolutionary country, where the Voice of America and Spanish-language counter-revolutionary broadcasts by exiles, as well as regular programming on such Miami stations as WGBS, can be heard on the radio anywhere. People listen to these broadcasts without noticeable hesitation and without interference. Old Hollywood movies starring Ronald Reagan or John Wayne are shown on late television, and films from Japan, England, France, Italy, Mexico and Brazil, as well as Eastern European countries, may be seen at the neighborhood theatres. The libraries at the universities and the National Library in Havana have many fully accessible anti-Communist volumes; among those at the National Library (José Marti) are: M. Djilas, *La Nueva Clase: analisis del regimen comunista;* Fulton Sheen, *Communism and the Conscience of the West;* Imre Nagy, *Contradicciones del Comunismo;* and J. Edgar Hoover, *Masters of Deceit.* Available journals and newspapers include the current issues of The New York Times, The Los Angeles Times, The New Statesman, the New Republic, the Nation, and New Politics. There is a relatively good representation of works on the Cuban revolution, including my own writing; Paul Baran's *Reflections on the Cuban Revolution;* the U.S. Department of State, Bureau of Public Affairs, *Cuba* (the "white paper" written by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.); and Theodore Draper, *Castro's Cuba.*

In art, the experimentation with a mix of modern and classical forms is evident in the exquisite ballet of Alicia Alonso and the films directed by Alfredo Guevara. The novels of Edmundo Desnoes and Norberto Fuentes, the drama of Anton Arufat and the poetry of Heberto Padilla (none of which by the remotest criteria would fit the test of what passes for "socialist realism" in other Communist countries), are published by the Union of Cuban Writers and Artists, the Casa de las Americas and other agencies. To be sure, some of the more experimental work is criticized, often severely, by other writers, who are self-styled defenders of "revolutionary art." Thus, Fuentes' novel on the anti-Batista struggle in the Sierra Escambray was condemned as "counter-revolutionary" by the pseudonymous writer Leopoldo Avila in the pages of *Verde Olivo*, the official journal of the armed forces, as was Padilla's poem "In Difficult Times," and others in his collection "Out of the Game." The Union of Writers and Artists published these works, awarded them literary prizes for which they were chosen by an international jury, and included the critiques which denoted them as "counter-revolutionary."

Although "Marxism-Leninism" has an official philosophic status in Cuba and is a required course at the University and the Worker-Peasant Faculty, "input-put put" economic analysis and functionalist sociology are also studied at the University and the selection of readings is representative of these disciplines in the U.S. Those who want to qualify for membership in the Communist Party are supposed to be free of "religious doctrine," but the Churches are open, and services offered without hindrance.

Discussions I had with workers ranged over many domestic and international questions; there was little indication that any subject or viewpoint was taboo or that people were attempting to hide dissatisfaction with the revolution.

Wherever I went, Cubans seemed to speak freely about whatever they wished, despite the fact that on literally every block in Havana, and similarly in towns and cities across the country, there is a Committee for the Defense of the Revolution, charged with being informed fully about the actions of their neighbors. In Havana alone, 973,494 members of the CDR are involved in "revolution-

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5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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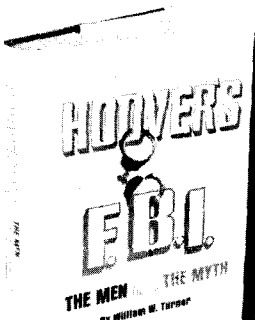
ary vigilance." Close to three million members of the CDR are active in the entire country. Among their activities, aside from "vigilance," are urging people to get chest X-rays, and women to get vaginal smears; running neighborhood study centers and correspondence courses; repairing neighborhood housing; collecting newspapers and used cans and bottles and "recuperating" other raw materials; coordinating volunteer labor in agriculture; and seeing that the streets are kept clean, flowers planted, and children in school. The CDR's seemed to be an accepted part of the neighborhood, according to my random talks with CDR volunteers and their neighbors, not unlike air raid wardens and civil defense volunteers in our own country during the second world war.

The CDR's do engage in surveillance, however, as does the secret police under the Ministry of the Interior, and Cuba reportedly has several thousand political prisoners (there are no official figures) in camps said by their relatives and friends to be located in every province (though I could not verify this personally during my brief visit). What constitutes a "political crime" is not specified by law. There continue to be no formal safeguards of freedom of speech and association, or of personal, civil and political rights. In practice, Cubans typically seem to feel secure in their persons and to speak freely, even with strangers, despite the absence of institutions and judicial procedures designed to protect the individual and guarantee his freedom from unreasonable search and seizure or arbitrary arrest and punishment. Of course, even when such institutions are long-established, they are still fragile; "guarantees" may be irrelevant when a government is determined to eliminate serious political dissent, and to utilize vague "conspiracy" charges to harass, intimidate and imprison its political opponents, as is happening at the moment in our own country. Nonetheless, to the extent to which the liberties that exist in practice in Cuba continue to depend on what Fidel has called "the revolution's generosity," the situation is inherently unstable and dangerous.

THE THREAT TO THE revolution from the United States is real and unavoidable, but the revolution's social base among the workers and peas-



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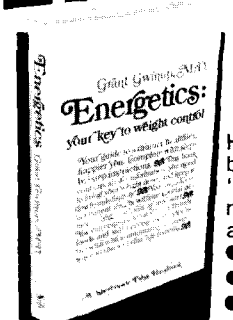

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Grant Gwinup, M.D. is currently chairman of the Division of Endocrinology and director of Metabolic research at University of California, Irvine. He is associate editor of **The Journal of Metabolism**, and has directed a 10 year research program into obesity and related disorders.

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ants is secure. There is no serious internal opposition to the revolution. The revolution has been a profoundly liberating experience for the Cuban people; they are conscious of themselves as historical actors, and have learned to believe in themselves, to take the implausible for granted and the unprecedented as certain—as "no one," they will tell you, "who has not lived within the revolutionary process can understand."

"The most transcendental changes are within us," they say, "the ones that you cannot see, that are visible only to ourselves. No one who knows the Cuban past as only we can, of whoredom and corruption, of the infinite capacity to deceive oneself and others, to sell oneself to the highest bidder in all things, to lack faith in anything but the vulgar and to accept the obscene as natural, no one who lived this past as we did can doubt the great changes in our beings.

"What was Cuba?—an insignificant whorehouse for the west, a country known only for its sugar and the delights of the flesh, a country of 'simple blacks and *tropicales*,' and now we are trying to create the new man."

Such talk of creating the "new man" —while it has its element of Spanish overstatement, self-flattery and romanticism—is real. The Cubans have a collective sense of national emancipation. To create that "new man" will require not merely new economic, but also new political forms. It will require the consciousness and the will of the revolutionaries; indeed, it will require an effort even more "decisive" for the revolution's future than the present one to produce ten million tons of sugar. Without it, they will not create that form of socialism which Ché dreamt of. "The socialist society that we want," he said, "is absolutely democratic; it is based on the needs and the aspirations of the people, and the people have a major role in all decisive points."

The revolutionary leaders have consciously rejected the Soviet model of "how to construct Communism." Cuba is "the black sheep of the family," as Fidel put it, "because it does not follow the beaten path, even if that path leads nowhere!" But that Soviet path included not only material incentives and vast inequalities, but also the use of force to repress dissent and the establishment of a monopoly of political power in the hands of the Communist Party. Social

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inequality and authoritarian controls reinforce and strengthen one another. If the revolutionaries in Cuba reject the one, they must reject the other. "Our task," Ché told me eight years ago, "is to enlarge democracy within the revolution as much as possible. As you have well said, we are pragmatic. . . . We feel that the government's chief function is to assure channels for the expression of the popular will. What forms this will take, we cannot say yet. This will depend on the political system to be elaborated."

Elaborating this political system is now the order of the day. The revolutionaries have avoided this task so far, in part because of their fear of prematurely institutionalizing forms which will freeze their relations with the people and prevent that spontaneity and improvisation and the sense of common effort and participation which have characterized their activity so far. The revolutionaries have acted to a great extent, as I wrote several years ago, as if unconsciously guided by a paraphrase of the German socialist Rosa Luxemburg's famous revolutionary axiom: "Mistakes committed by a genuine revolutionary government are much more fruitful and worthwhile historically than the infallibility of the very best central committee." Most important, they have no models which they can simply adopt wholesale. Political forms in the Communist countries, especially in the Soviet bloc, have led, in Ché's words, "into dogmatic extremes, into cold scholasticism, into isolation from the masses"; they do not want to "create salaried workers docile to official thinking nor 'fellows' who live under the wing of the budget, exercising 'freedom' in quotation marks."

"We are," Ché wrote, "seeking something new that will allow a perfect identification between the government and the community as a whole, adapted to the conditions of the building of socialism peculiar to our country and avoiding as much as possible the commonplaces of bourgeois democracy transplanted to the society in formation (such as legislative houses, for example). There have been some experiments intended to gradually create the institutionalization of the revolution, but without too much hurry. The major thing holding us back has been the fear that any formal mechanism might separate us from the masses and the individual, making us lose sight of the ultimate and most important revolutionary aspiration: to see man freed from alienation."

Anyone who thinks the answers to the revolutionaries' dilemma are easy has not thought seriously about the questions. The establishment of socialist democracy will require the same pragmatism, experimentalism and boldness, and the "same strong feelings of love for the people" (Ché) and revolutionary optimism that have brought them this far, and have allowed them more profoundly and rapidly to transform the pre-revolutionary social structure than has any other "socialist" revolution anywhere. Some questions that they must deal with, while yet involved in a struggle for development, are: How can they guarantee a free press when there is no private ownership of enterprises? What sort of representative system—and what kind of judiciary—is compatible with public ownership of the means of production and central planning? How are the technical requirements of expertise and authority in a planned economy to be reconciled with popular election of government officials? What forms will prevent bureaucratic control of the new society? And how can they do all this while defending the revolution?

Whatever the answers the revolutionaries give to these questions in practice, it is unquestionable that they must choose soon between that "beaten path that leads nowhere," as Fidel put it, and one far more difficult for not having been trod before, toward the establishment of socialist democratic political forms commensurate with the revolution's egalitarian and liberating content. "Then," in the vision that Ché bequeathed the revolutionaries, they "will come to sing the song of the new man with the authentic voice of the people."

Maurice Zeitlin's article will appear as a special supplement to the new Harper Torchbook edition of his book Revolutionary Politics and the Cuban Working Class. *Research for the article included extensive conversations with Ché Guevara in 1961 and 1962, and several other visits to Cuba, most recently in the fall of 1969. Professor Zeitlin is also the author (with Robert Scheer) of* Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere, *and editor (with James Petras) of* Latin America: Reform or Revolution?

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If you can take him. If you can take him, take him two ways.
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The word music way.
Where words just walk along beside.
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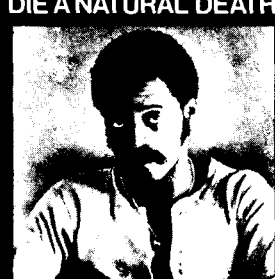

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A Night at Santa Rita

SANTA RITA IS AMERICA, and that's why this album is so important. This is an album that should be dispersed widely, like Thomas Paine's broadsides. Share it. Play it at meetings. Bring it into classrooms. Play it for parents. YOU WON'T HEAR IT ON THE AIR SO YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOUR OWN NETWORK.

I cannot conceive of a more important album than this being released this year and for the years ahead. It transcends all Schwann categories—from any kind of music to any kind of spoken word. Robert Scheer's account of his night in Santa Rita, the Alameda Country prison farm—read by Rosko, with bassist Ron Carter and James Spaulding on flute — raises the most basic of all questions in this country. More basic than a moon landing. More fundamental than who runs for what office. The question is simply — and ominously — whether freedom can survive here. The freedom to dissent, the freedom to just speak out, the freedom to be who you are.

Within the prison farm on that night — in the United States — what differentiated the treatment inflicted on Sheer and his fellow prisoners from what they would have received in detention in Haiti, in Greece, in South Africa, in those Russian camps where dissident writers are sent? Nothing. And that is the chilling truth of this article, and of Rosko's reading of it.

A further question is raised. The guards. Is an Eichmann possible only in Germany? Was an S.S. officer possible only in Germany? What is wrong in a country that produces men who treat other men as less than animals? In the life experience of these guards, in the schools they went to, in the families in which they grew up, what fusion of frustration, fear, and bottomless insecurity about their own humanity worked to create such instruments of cruelty, of sadism?

But the burden is not only on the guards, In a country in which the majority of men do not fear to be free — and thereby do not fear those who are different from them — the conduct of guards like these would be overwhelmingly recognized as a sickness, a terrible disease of the spirit. But, if you remember, the majority of the citizenry did not condemn the riot by Mayor Daley's police in Chicago in 1968, nor would the majority of the citizenry in Alameda County demand that these guards be replaced. The guards, after all, were savaging "hippies," and "hippies" are different, and those who are different are not human. Just as "gooks" in Asia are not human and can be the first to be obliterated by the atom bomb. And in these later years, can be napalmed. In the name of "freedom."

Make no mistake about it. This country is inside the edge of another cycle of repression. It's happened before. The Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. The Fugitive Slave Act of the 1850's. The Red Scare from 1919 to 1923. The mass imprisonment of Japanese-Americans in concentration camps during the Second World War. Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950's. And now the Attorney General of the United States asks for "preventive detention." A man is innocent until proved guilty? That's for bleeding hearts. Think about it. Take the Bill of Rights, remove its identification as the Bill of Rights, and put it on the ballot in each of the 50 states for a plebiscite. Do you think the Bill of Rights would pass today?

Think about it. Think of what happens to long-haired youngsters spotted by sheriffs in small towns in Wyoming, in South Carolina. Think of what happens to blacks and Spanish-speaking people telling the police in the big cities about their "rights." Think about the dangers of participating in a nonviolent peace march in Chicago.

To what purpose? Because Santa Rita is not all of America. It is not black America, or Puerto Rican America, or Mexican America, or Indian America. Nor is it the America of a huge number of the young of all kinds of backgrounds and heritages. As Eldridge Cleaver kept saying and writing, this has to be a time of coming together by all those who do not want Santa Rita to become *all* of America.

A time of coming together by all those who know, as Josephine Johnson writes, that "we are dying of preconceptions, outworn rules, decaying flags, venomous religions, and sentimentalities. We need a new world. We've wrenched up all the old roots. The old men have no roots. They don't know it. They just go on talking and flailing away and falling down on the young with their tons of dead weight and their power. For the power is still there in their life-in-death. But the roots are dead, and the land is poisoned for miles around."

The power is still there in the old, in Alameda Sheriff Madigan, in young guards who are already dried and old. But there is other power, life-affirming power. The kind of power underlined by the Most Rev. Ernest J. Primeau, Bishop of Manchester, N.H.: "The mature Christian is in a sense a man in a state of *permanent revolution, which begins within himself but extends* to the society in which he lives. In this sense Catholic education must be dedicated to training revolutionaries — men who will remake themselves and then go on to remake society."

But not only Catholic education should be that. And not only mature Christians are in a state of permanent revolution. All kinds of people in this country, most of them young, have educated themselves to become men and women who will remake themselves and then go on to remake society.

And *A Night at Santa Rita* is a profound educational experience, an educational manifesto, an epiphany. I repeat. Treat this album as you would a Tom Paine pamphlet had you been in America two centuries ago. Spread the word. The word is freedom. But the odds, aren't the odds against us? They always are. But, as Albert Camus said at Columbia in 1944: "We cannot accept any optimistic conception of existence, any happy ending whatsoever. But if we believe that optimism is silly, we also know that pessimism about the action of man among his fellows is cowardly."

— NAT HENTOFF

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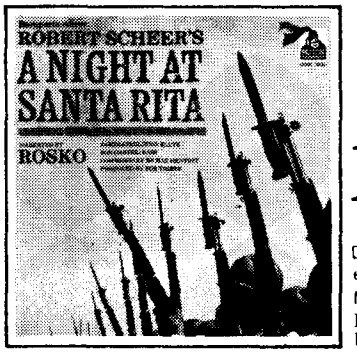

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